

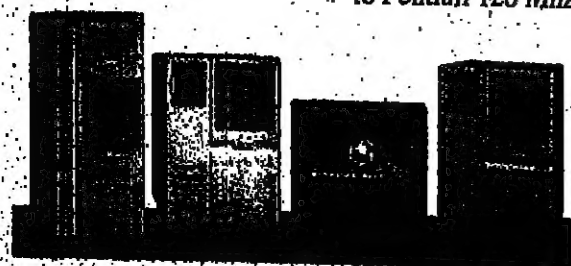
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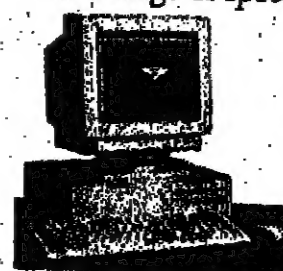
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June 9, 1995

THE JERUSALEM POST
MAGAZINE

SALUTE THE DREAM

Peace makes a trip
down the Caesarea catwalk



THE JERUSALEM POST MAGAZINE

JUNE 9, 1995
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SPECIAL DELIVERY

EAT, DRINK AND BE ALERT
I was very interested to read Ruth Mason's article ("The Gift of Clarification," May 19). Unfortunately, it reconfirmed what I have noticed over the years as a parent and teacher. Both the medical and educational establishments ignore two very simple causes for these difficulties. One is the Israeli custom of not eating breakfast, and the second is the typical Israeli classroom, its noise, movement and seating arrangement.

These factors contribute to the unusually high percentage of Israeli schoolchildren suffering from the syndrome. What's most important is it can be easily corrected.

After speaking to students, neighbors and fellow teachers, I was amazed at how many leave home [in the morning] without even drinking a glass of water. They suffer an empty stomach, a parched mouth, and then - 14 to 16 hours after the previous day's dinner, two hours after leaving for school - they eat.

Blood sugar, which was down, jumps up, and so does the percentage of accidents during that third lesson. At a professional conference for sports teachers, we were told to be extra careful then; lack of concentration lowers safety, too.

Before dragging your child, spy on your child's classroom; you may discover that you wouldn't be able to learn anything there either. Can every child see the teacher and blackboard, or are they sitting in groups, some with their backs and shoulders to the teacher, their focus on friends? There's noise: banging, thumping, scraping and indescribable sounds; how can they hear the teacher?

There are children who need Ritalin, but many will show remarkable improvement with a good breakfast, horseshoe seating in class and/or a quieter classroom.
Batya Medad
Shiloh

EXPRESSION OF HORROR
Haim Chertok's timely reminder of the victims of the First Crusade ("Out There," May 19) was very interesting. I would like to point out that an expression used in those days is still being heard. "Hip! Hip! Hoorah!," according to Brewer's Dictionary of Phrase and Fable is said to be the first letters in the Latin expression, "Hierosolyma Est Perditum" ("Jerusalem is destroyed").

German knights shouted "Hip! Hip!" at Jews during the Middle Ages. This slogan was shouted by the Crusaders on their march to Jerusalem. It was also used in the title of the Hep Movement in Würzburg, Germany, in 1819. The slogan was yelled at the Jews during the anti-Jewish riots. Hip! Hip! Hoorah! is an expression used today to show great jubilation.
Dave Baruch
Holon

READY FOR MARTYRDOM

Haim Chertok's call to commemorate the martyrdom of Jews during the Crusades is very timely. Most of the atrocities occurred during Iyar and therefore we recite the prayer *Av Hara'amim* every Shabbat during this month.

However, some of the statements in the article are incorrect. The woman martyr from the synagogue of Speyer did not inaugurate the tradition of Kiddush Hashem. It is true that "...neither Kiddush Hashem nor the mourners' *kaddish* is mandated in Kedoshim," but it is not true that "these acts of holiness spring from a later period."

In the Torah portion following Kedoshim, Emor, (Leviticus 22:32) we find the commandment of Kiddush Hashem. Both Rashi and Nahmanides in their commentary on this verse state that this is a commandment. Rashi mentions Hanania, Mishael and Azaria as examples of people ready for martyrdom, but who were miraculously saved.

Maimonides in his Mishne Torah, Hilchot Yesodei Hatorah, chapter 5, mentions the above verse as the

source of Kiddush Hashem.

Actually the idea of martyrdom is attributed to Abraham and his Binding of Isaac.

Concerning the *kaddish*, it is found in the Siddur of Rav Amram Gaon (ninth century). The main part, the response, *Yehi Shmei Rabbu...* is found in the Talmud.
Miriam Hauer
Jerusalem

THE WRONG ANGLE

I was interested to read Jocelyn McClurg's review of Stephen Fry's novel, *The Hippopotamus* ("A Snide Ride," May 5), but was surprised to find no mention of the book's considerable Jewish interest.

Concentrating his review almost entirely on the character of the libidinous theater critic Ted Wallace, your reviewer has totally overlooked the two "flashback" chapters that tell the fascinating story of Michael Logan's father, the Jewish healer Albert Blenestock.

These chapters touch on such assorted themes as the integration of a foreign Jewish family into the landed English aristocracy, Hitler's persecution of Austrian Jewry, the indifference shown to their plight by the British Foreign Office, antisemitism in an English public school, and the Holocaust.

It is understandable that these themes should be ignored - as indeed they were - by reviewers in the English press, but in a Jewish newspaper total omission of a book's Jewish content is more unexpected.

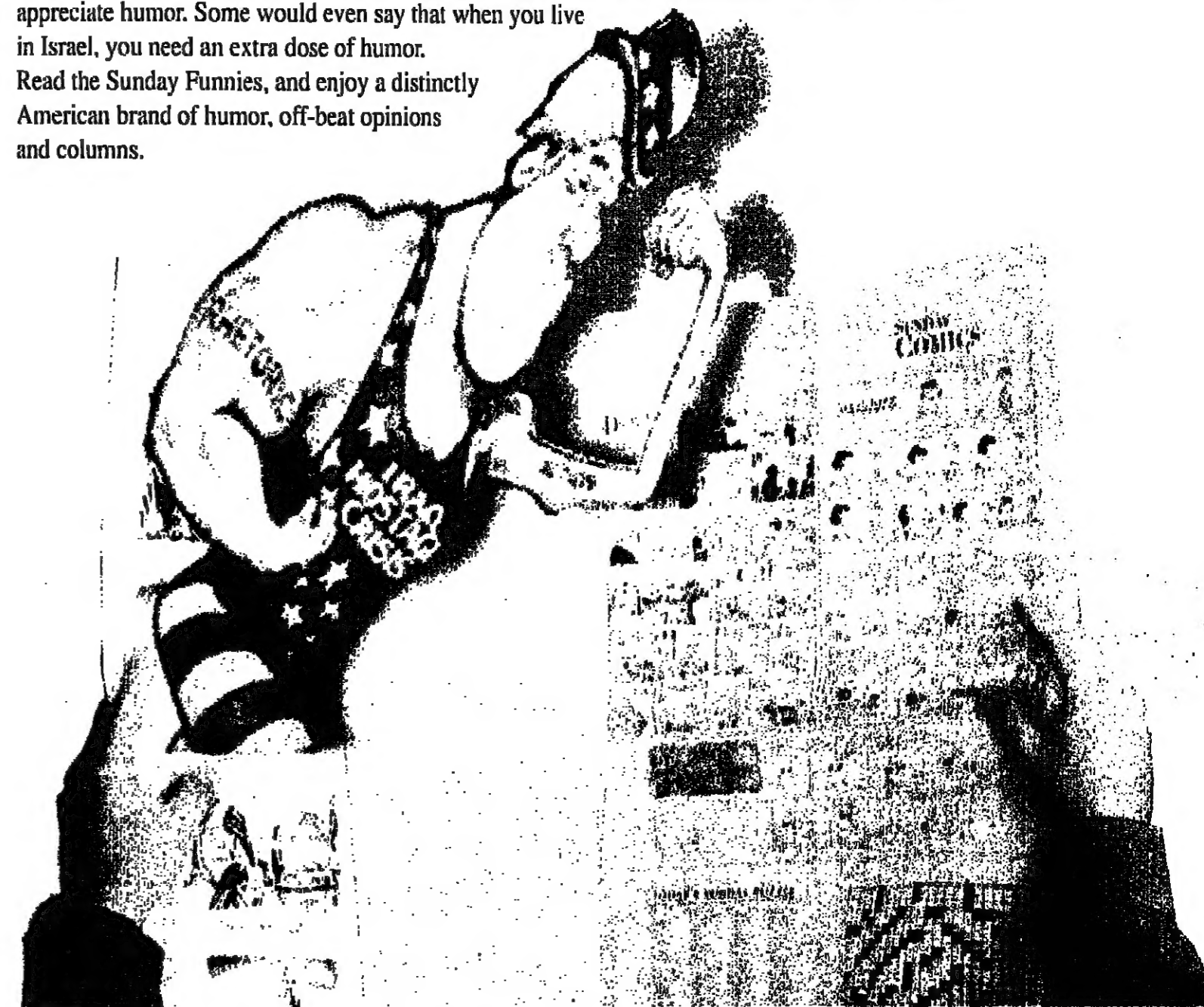
Stephen Fry, incidentally, is halachically Jewish, his mother being a member of an Austrian-Jewish family. I believe he even has relatives in Israel.
Pamela Melnikoff
Ilford, England

Correction
In "Shooting the Other Side," (June 2) all photos were courtesy of the Hebrew-language nature magazine *Tova Hadevatim*. On page 17, photo credits for Roni Safer and Zohrab Markarian were reversed.

Your Sunday Bonus: THE FUNNIES

Will Hobbes ever get the better of Calvin?

What is it about the Funnies that so attracts us? Do we identify with those cartoon characters whose antics we follow week after week? Are they a reminder of our lost childhood? Actually, we don't need any deep psychological explanation. We all appreciate humor. Some would even say that when you live in Israel, you need an extra dose of humor. Read the Sunday Funnies, and enjoy a distinctly American brand of humor, off-beat opinions and columns.



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YOUR WEEK JUST GOT EVEN BRIGHTER THE JERUSALEM POST

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the israel museum, jerusalem

EXHIBITIONS

Rita and Arturo Schwarz Collection of Israeli Art from June 13
Over 200 works by 30 artists, purchased especially for the Museum's 30th anniversary.

30x30: Thirty New Exhibits from June 13
Thirty first-time exhibits from the Museum's various departments for the 30th anniversary.

Martin Szekely, French Designer
from June 13
Designs, photos and drawings by one of the most lauded contemporary designers.

On the Road to Edom from June 13
Discoveries from a 7th-8th century BCE Edomite shrine at Ein Hatzeva.

New Acquisitions in Contemporary Art
Major works by Eli Viola, Hans Haacke, Andy Warhol, Roy Lichtenstein and others in honor of the Museum's 30th anniversary.

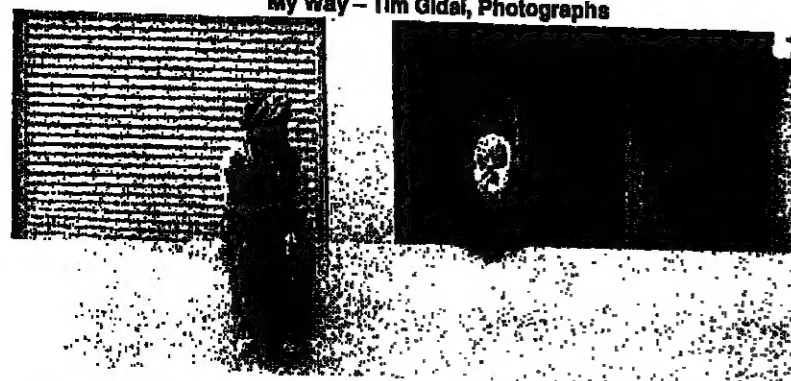
Samaritan Mosaic Floor
4th century CE, discovered in El Khirbe.
New Acquisitions in the Department of Prints and Drawings, 1993-94

Petra in the News
Objects and coins testifying to Petra's prosperity.

Israeli Art
Inlaid metalwork - 19-15 cent. and illustrations of the Shekhina, Iran and India, 14-19 cent.

Heroes: Past and Present
The image and place in our lives of a hero, with activities in the Ruth Youth Wing.

My Way - Tim Gidal, Photographs



Works of the pioneer photographer who helped change the face of modern photo-journalism from the 1920s on.

The Crucified Man from Givat Hamivtar
Casualty of a crucified male from the Roman era, together with a replica of his heel bones played by an iron nail. At the Rockefeller Museum.

TICHO HOUSE

Anna Ticho - Judean Hills, 1970s
Sun, Mon, Wed, Thur, 10-5; Tue, 10-10; Fri, 10-2

Story-telling Theater, Ages 4-9, Sun, 4:30 p.m.
Library: Sun-Thur, 10-4, Fri, 10-12

Coffee Shop: Sun-Thur, 10 a.m. to midnight; Fri, 10 a.m. to 9 p.m.; Sat, night, till midnight

Bracha Lichtenberg-Eitinger:
Halala - Autiwork
Recent works on paper by an Israeli artist living in Paris.

YOUTH WING

Tue, June 13:
4:30 p.m.: Story Hour with Dina Sabach.

5:30 p.m.: Comics - Did You Know? First meeting in a series for teenagers and adults with Michel Kichia. Youth Wing Auditorium.

Library and Feinstein Recycling Room:
Sun, Mon, Wed, Thur, 8-5 p.m.; Tue, 4-7 p.m.

Story Hours: ages 4-7
Tue, 4:30 (Heb); Wed, 4 p.m. (Eng.)

THIS WEEK'S EVENTS

CONCERT: Performance by Immigrant musicians.
Fri, June 9, 11 a.m., Ticho House.

Irena Lyubarov - piano: Schumann, Chopin, Debussy and Rachmaninov.

LECTURES: Closing Event of Princely Taste Exhibition by Special Guest Lecturer Alexis Gregory, guest curator of the exhibition.
Sun, June 11, 8 p.m., Auditorium (in English).

Martin Szekely by Pierre Staudanmeyer, Director of Galerie Nechi in Paris and New York. Admission free.
Tue, June 13, 8 p.m., Auditorium (French with Hebrew translation).

GALLERY TALK: Princely Taste by Ella Regav.
Tue, June 13, 7 p.m. (in Hebrew)

MOVIE: *Prêt à Porter* (Ready to Wear) (USA 1994, 130 min.) Dir. Robert Altman, with Sophia Loren, Cher, Tim Robbins, top fashion models and designers. A look into the world of high fashion.
June 10 and 15, 9 p.m., Auditorium.

GUIDED TOURS IN ENGLISH

Meet at Main Building Information Desk for Museum Highlights: Sun, Mon, Wed, Thur, 11 a.m. & 3 p.m.

Fri, 11 a.m., Tue, 4:30 p.m.

Archaeological Galleries: Mon, Thur, 2 p.m.

Judaica & Ethnography: Sun, Wed, 2 p.m.

Shrine of the Book: At Shrine entrance

Sun, Mon, Wed, Thur, 12:30 p.m.; Tue, 9 a.m.; Fri, 12:45 p.m.

Meet at Entrance Pavilion Information Desk for tours in:

German Sun, 2 p.m. French Sun, 11 a.m.

VISITING HOURS

Sun, Mon, Wed, Thur, 10 a.m.-5 p.m. Tue, 4 p.m.-10 p.m.

Shrine of the Book also open Tue, 10 a.m.-10 p.m.

Fri, 10 a.m.-2 p.m., Sat, 10 a.m.-4 p.m. Information: 708811.

FAST FORWARD

OUT THERE

Reluctant ends of the same tribe find bliss at the huppa

By Netty C. Gross

The bride, a glamorous, happy American woman in a fountain of white chiffon, emerged to walk down her wedding aisle on a veranda in Tel Aviv. She paused, then giggled and only then marched. There was an earnest, peppy, man-the-battle-stations bravado to her stride. She acted a little bit like Annie Oakley - The Bride.

Her wedding gown, stripped of ornamentation, suggested that she had emerged victorious from a battle on some distant field of love, to marry the man she loved. And she had on both scores.

Several years ago, midway through a long betrothal, she had done a quick flip-flop. She backed out of a marriage to a Protestant aristocrat, an embodiment of old

Mayflower wealth, a preppie pilgrim of insidious Washingtonian insiderness.

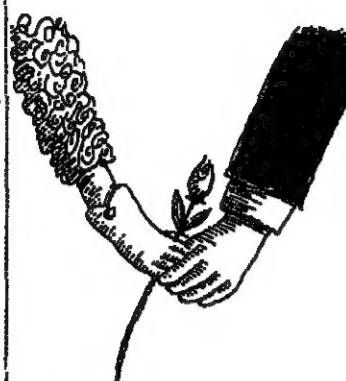
At the time, the bride was a young, self-doubting woman and she had backed out several days before the wedding. She did that, she said at the time, rather than continually prop up her wishy-washy fiancé whose mother, a cynical Georgetown matron, let her know how disapproving the family felt about what she called "mixed marriages."

The current groom, in fact, was a handsome Israeli roofer, a young man with a splendid cap of corkscrew curls and splashy milk-white teeth. She had met him while he served on a security detail in Washington D.C.

IF INDEED marriage, like sex, is one of those singular occasions when two people can make something out of nothing, then this Jewish wedding took the cake.

The bride and groom, who were the only two people in attendance

at the wedding who knew each other, were such an unlikely pair that their peculiar bond created its own spiritual exaltation. In the fusion they were, willy-nilly, uniting two distinct, reluctant ends



of the same tribe.

Both sets of parents initially approached the wedding with the lightheartedness of a match-up between King Kong and Godzilla. Who could really blame them?

The respective domestic lives of both bride and groom were almost comically diverse. Neither family (his a warm-blooded Mediterranean clan from Holon), nor hers (haute, vaguely Jewish Virginians with whispery undeveloped voices), quite knew what to make of each other or the happy couple.

The groom's family was gripped by some imagined degree of embarrassment-of-riches syndrome. Their American daughter-in-law and her leggy family intimidated them; Land's End catalog people had suddenly invaded Holon, entered their Mediterranean midst.

Their son was marrying the unattainable - a pretty American blonde woman of means - and the best defense, they reasoned, was a good offense. Their boy, they implied by their nouveau-sniffy behavior, wasn't overreaching. If anything, the match was an utterly equal one.

The groom's mother, a

battleship of a woman ensconced in purple chiffon, a voluble beaming our-national-bird type, led the attack. "Did you know," said the Israeli Betty Crocker, "my son isn't just a roofer. While that he has a roofing business. He has six workers."

"What a guy she's getting," said the father of the groom, a small athletic man, a former semi-professional soccer player, who slapped people on the back by way of greeting. He drove a taxi. An intercity Mercedes, he pointed out.

"You know you could write this: he's not just a roofer, he's a roofer's roofer. You know he could stand up straight on a wall!"

Her parents were another story. "If this is what she wants," said her mother, an art conservator who with her refined profile and her linear petite black dress, resembled the seraphic Antoninus.

She nodded vaguely with a wide, dreamy gaze and a Mona Lisa smile. No one really took offense at this Jackie Kennedy persona of hers. The groom's family simply didn't recognize the socialite archetype.

The father of the bride, on the other hand, behaved like a local politician stumping for votes in a Jewish neighborhood. A tall, tanned investment banker, he repeated "Shalom" like a mantra and agreeably pressed the flesh while swallowing miniature kobahs.

THE BRIDE and groom themselves would later say that their fathers more or less hit it off. It was true, despite the fact that neither man could speak each other's language.

Maybe it was a male bond which cut through the mountain of artifice women tend to get all tied up in over weddings. Maybe it was a sort of mutual respect for marriage, the institution which had tamed their libido and simultaneously given them these wonderful children. In any case, they slapped each other's backs repeatedly.

Despite all the boy-scout psychology, it seemed like a straightforward case of two people simply in love. No, the bride was not some American sexual sophisticate subtly manipulating a young Israeli. Nor was the groom a knight in shining armor who whisking off the deeply ambivalent bride from a fate similar to Andromeda's being chained to the rock. Nothing so dramatic.

The only real hitch at the wedding occurred when the bride decided to throw in her two cents as she stood under the huppa, ignoring the refusal of the officiating Orthodox Sephardi rabbi to allow her to recite a poem by Teanyson.

"Many waters cannot quench love, neither can floods drown it. Song of Songs 8:7," she suddenly blurted into the microphone. To which her bemused groom said in Hebrew, "I am my beloved's and my beloved is mine."

It was a great day for Jewish romance.

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EDITED BY G. H. FREEDMAN @ 95

WHAT IS THE MEANING OF THE WORD Y'A'ANI?

A. A derivative of the phrase "bat ya'anah" which means "ostrich," it is one who sticks one's head in the sand in the face of any sort of unpleasantness.

B. "That is to say..." or "like..." or "in other words..."

C. An arched roll-out awning, the kind you see on store fronts or on some people's balconies.

D. The frozen-food section at the supermarket

Y'A'ANI

is B: "that is to say..." It means, in other words, "in other words..." That is, it means, ya'ani, "in other words..." Got that? Good!

IS IT SOMEONE WHO Buries HIS HEAD IN THE SAND?

Ich. Worms.



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THE JERUSALEM POST MAGAZINE

After years of resisting political involvement, Natan Sharansky has formed Israel Be'aliya, a new movement that aims to put Jewish immigration and absorption at the head of the national agenda.



A RELUCTANT POLITICIAN

By Sue Fishkoff

On a cold February day in 1986, after nine long years of imprisonment in the Soviet Union for Jewish dissident activity, 38-year-old Natan Sharansky stood on the East German side of the Gleincke Bridge separating East and West Berlin, about to be freed as part of a three-way prisoner exchange.

His Soviet guards told him to walk straight across the bridge. In a final burst of purposeful defiance, untempered by years of interrogation, malnutrition, hunger strikes and forced labor in the gulag, Sharansky zigzagged provocatively from one side of the bridge to the other, on his way to freedom and a new life in Israel.

That story, told by Sharansky himself in his 1988 autobiography *Fear No Evil*, demonstrates the fierce idealism and tena-

cious spirit of this most famous prisoner of Zion. From 1977, when a Moscow court sentenced him to 13 years' imprisonment on trumped-up charges of spying for the Americans, to his sudden and unexpected release in 1986, Sharansky was internationally recognized as a larger-than-life symbol of the individual's struggle against faceless totalitarianism.

When he arrived in Israel in 1986, Sharansky was widely expected to continue his political activism, becoming a bright new light on the Israeli political scene.

In fact, the only surprising thing about his announcement of a new political movement earlier this week is that it took him so long.

When Sharansky rejoined his wife Avital in Jerusalem in 1986, after being separated since the day after their Moscow marriage 12 years earlier, he was greeted as a hero. Parties and interest groups on

the right and left courted his support, from Palestinian human-rights organizations to national-religious circles. Everyone wanted him to lend his talent — and his prestige — to their cause. He resisted them all.

"After the politicians saw I wasn't going to join their party, they began telling me how important it was that I remain a symbol and not get involved in partisan politics," he says during an interview last week in the Jerusalem home he shares with Avital and their two daughters, Rahel, eight, and Hanna, six. "That's what [Foreign Minister Shimon] Peres told me a few days after I arrived in Israel. But a few years later, when he thought I might join Labor, he changed his advice."

Through the years, Sharansky consistently rebuffed efforts to draw him into the political fray, devoting his energy instead to improving the lot of immigrants from the former Soviet Union through the non-

partisan Zionist Forum, the Immigrants' rights organization he founded in 1988 in anticipation of mass Soviet immigration.

This week, he came forward as head of the new movement Israel Be'aliya — not a party "yet," he cautions — formed in answer to a ground swell of discontent from the country's 560,000 new immigrants from the former Soviet Union. Deeply disappointed by broken promises from both Likud and Labor, voices from within that community have been calling more and more loudly for their own political party, whose leaders will represent their specific interests in the Knesset.

Sharansky's movement, whose name is a play on the dual meaning of aliya — "on the ascent" and "immigration" — is the seed of that future party. But although his supporters describe it quite openly as a "Russian immigrant party," dedicated to meeting the specific needs of that population, Sharansky himself, typically, sees it in much broader terms.

He says the movement's aim is to improve the situation of the half-million new immigrants from the former Soviet Union not by appealing to their immediate absorption interests such as jobs and housing, but by reforming Israeli society at its roots, reinjecting the national agenda with a strong dose of Zionism, and integrating "the best of sabra and Yiddish kop" values.

"The ingathering of the exiles has to become a top national priority once again," says Sharansky, who quit posts at *The Jerusalem Report* and the local Russian-language daily *Izvestiya* to head the new movement. "If you are talking about a party that will simply address the immediate needs of the new immigrants, not only am I not interested in such a party, I don't think it is useful. The pain and problems of the Russian immigrants are closely connected with the deep social and spiritual crisis in Israeli society."

There's a clear gap between Sharansky's broad conception of his movement and his constituency's more narrowly focused understanding. Whether Sharansky will be able to close the gap and keep the movement united will depend on several factors. One is time: right now, the movement includes figures from the political left and right, from Likud activist Yuli Edelstein to Roman Bronfman, who headed Labor's new immigrant department during the 1992 campaign. But when and if it becomes a party, and is forced to take positions on controversial national issues, it risks alienating as many voters as it attracts.

The closest Sharansky comes to defining what will be the positions of such a party on critical national issues such as borders and peace negotiations is to say that the party will consider all such issues "from the viewpoint of increasing Jewish immigration and absorption."

The economy, the peace process, internal bickering in the other political parties — these will all influence the electoral appeal of this new movement. But its success will perhaps most of all depend on the power of Sharansky's own personality, his continuing ability to rise above the fray and convince his Russian immigrant constituency to share his own universalist ideals.

"Integration, not separation, is the way we can build a real Israeli national movement," he states firmly.

It was that universalist sense, he says, that kept him alive and sane those long years in the gulag. "When I was fighting to come to Israel, both before and while I was in prison, what helped me survive was the feeling that I'm part of this people, that I have a unique historical connection with all the people of Israel, not with the left or the right, religious or secular," he says.

"It was a very powerful feeling. That's why I resisted the groups who came to me those first few weeks in Israel, who told me because of their group and their philosophy, I was here. It was difficult, even unnatural, for me to choose one over another. I feel we are all different faces of the Chosen People."

His movement does not yet have a platform, but its guiding principles were clearly laid out in a press conference this Wednesday.

First, he says, the movement aims to change social priorities by putting the ingathering of the exiles, or Jewish immigration, back at the top of the national agenda.

"We are facing a unique historical opportunity," he says. "With the fall of the Iron Curtain, for the first time in modern history, nothing separates the world's Jews. There's nothing preventing us from bringing one million more Jews, the remnants of Eastern European Jewry, to Israel by the end of the century."

"I'm talking about a new level of

'The sabra values must be merged with the immigrants' love of excellence and ambition, the "yiddish kop." That's how I see this movement.'

Zionism. The time has come for Israel to be more than just a haven for the world's Jews, but a place that attracts Diaspora Jews."

In order to become such a place, the country's economy must be liberalized, its education system made more universal as well as national, Diaspora communities must be less paternalistic to the state, and long-term absorption of new immigrants must be as important as physically bringing them to Israel.

"[Former prime minister Yitzhak] Shamir was willing to send a plane to the ends of the earth to rescue one Jew, but would do nothing to help their integration into society," he charges. "Rabin is the same."

Sharansky does not hesitate to use the word "Zionism" to describe his movement.

"Three or four years ago, Zionism was a dirty word among new immigrants," he explains. "They arrived here from the Soviet Union opposed to any ideology; Zionism meant to them a Jewish Agency bureaucrat who made promises and then didn't deliver."

"But the more they integrate, the more they want to be part of a new system of values. I think the majority of these people came here not to live in a 'normal' country like any other; they came because it's not 'normal,' not ordinary, because they want to be part of this unique history of thousands of years."

"Maybe the word 'Zionism' doesn't have the same meaning for me as for many of these new immigrants, but at least it's something to build on."

Will an openly Zionist, idealistic, reformist movement of this kind be able to attract supporters or, ultimately, voters?

That's what he will spend the next few months checking, he says. Much as the movement itself grew out of almost two years of parlor meetings and public forums in Russian neighborhoods throughout the country, he and other movement leaders will spend "the next few months" traveling back to those venues to assess the views

"not of hundreds or even thousands of people, but tens of thousands." If support exists for a political party, he says, then he is ready to form one.

"But you need a movement with an ideology before you build a party," he says. "A party is simply a tool for bringing people to the Knesset to implement your ideas. You can't start with the tool before the ideology. If it was my intention just to sit in the Knesset, I could do it a much easier way."

Sharansky admits that the core constituency for his movement is the Russian-speaking immigrant population. But he hopes that his message of integration — slogans like "combining the strength and independence of veteran Israelis with the intelligence and initiative of new immigrants" — will enable the movement to appeal first to other immigrants and then to veteran Israelis who share his idealistic views.

The Russian Jews are not as parochial as people think, he insists. After a decade of Jewish dissident activity in the Seventies and seven years as head of the Zionist Forum, "when I had to defend the Russians to Israelis and Israel to the Russians," he believes he knows the community well. After all, he points out, it was the tenacious idealism of the Jewish dissidents of the 1970s and early 1980s that helped tear down the Iron Curtain and opened the gates to free emigration from the Soviet Union. Today's immigrants share the same blood.

"I know how pragmatic, even cynical, these people are, and how real is their suffering," he says. "Yet I know from my own experience in the gulag that you can go through this 'sound and fury' and remain tied to your higher aims. I believe I can make these people see that the solution to their personal difficulties lies in a broad renewal of society. We can use their energy and enthusiasm as a catalyst to make those changes."

Sharansky's disappointment in the Israeli leaders developed over time, he says, as he left the morally black-and-white world of the KGB prison and began to live in the more complex world of mod-



Sharansky leads a demonstration of unemployed new immigrants in front of the Knesset in 1993.

JERUSALEM POST MAGAZINE JUNE 9, 1995 9

CAN A UNIVERSAL MESSAGE WIN PAROCHIAL SUPPORT?

Support for Natan Sharansky's political movement Israel Be'aliya seems strong within the Russian-speaking immigrant community, although there's some disagreement concerning his timing and tactics. Some activists say he should form a party right away, instead of wasting campaign time on a more ambiguous movement.

"I told him he's already missed the boat," says journalist Irma Tsikol, a political columnist in the Russian-language press now working for Meretz. "Support among the people is like a wave; it comes and goes. People would prefer that he announce [the formation of] a party, something they can understand. A movement like this has no platform, no organization, nothing to cling to."

If Sharansky quickly declares that he is forming a party, Tsikol says, he may be able to regain lost ground. "But every day that passes without him deciding loses him voters that won't return. He's making the same mistakes as Da," the immigrants' rights party which failed to win a Knesset seat in the 1992 election.

Other activists say he's playing his cards correctly. "We aren't talking about a party yet because we don't even know what kind of support the movement will have," cautions Felix Usherenko, a state molecular scientist in Haifa and a key figure in a year-old Russian immigrant organization called the Center for the Coordination of Political Initiatives and Creation of a Political Party.

The center grew out of a Knesset demonstration organized by Sharansky in May 1993, at which immigrants from the former Soviet Union noisily demanded greater government attention to their plight.

After the protest, some 40 immigrant groups decided to coordinate their political activities. The core group boiled down to 16 activists, who last September created the center and began holding community and parlor meetings in neighborhoods with large Russian-speaking populations.

In the past nine months, the center established 20 branches in towns with heavy immigrant populations, and decided to create a political party to stand in the 1996 elections.

"We expected Sharansky would lead our party, but we realized a few months ago that he was more interested in a movement than a party at this time," Usherenko says. Some center activists, like Tsikol, believe Sharansky has miscalculated. Most, Usherenko insists, are willing to wait and see.

"Most of us at the center want to participate in his movement," Usherenko says. "I think he has a real chance. When he sees that most immigrants support this

movement, I think he will form a party."

Likud figure and former prisoner of Zion Yuli Edelstein is working closely with Sharansky to develop the new movement. Many people believe he would be second on any party list that develops.

In 1992, he says, many in the immigrant community, including Sharansky, "naively" believed the major parties would work to solve their problems. "Three years later, we see that hasn't happened," he says. "It's not enough to hope for change. We have to organize and lead. That's the part Sharansky isn't as comfortable with, but there's no way out and he realizes it."

Edelstein defends Sharansky's decision to broaden the movement's aims beyond the specific interests of the Russian-speaking immigrants, saying that once that community passed the half-million mark, any improvement in its situation demanded a "global reform" of Israeli society.

"It's not like we're trying to get apartments for 3,000 people," he points out. "You can't provide half a million people with apartments without making fundamental changes in the country's construction policy."

Sharansky's broad vision is the only realistic approach, he says, and that's why both men refused to support the narrowly focused Da in 1992. "A one-issue political party cannot succeed," he states.

THERE IS some speculation concerning Sharansky's long-term aims: Is he really after Knesset seats on the basis of an immigrant party, or is he using this campaign to put pressure on Likud and Labor, forcing them to include more of the immigrants' demands in their platforms?

Hebrew University Russian and East European studies professor Gaila Golan points out that no ethnic parties, except Shas and Tami, have ever won Knesset seats. New, smaller parties are particularly vulnerable in the Israeli political system, she says, and Sharansky knows that.

"I suspect he could get one or two seats if he works hard and keeps his message as universal as possible," she muses. "But is that worth it?" And his constituency, she insists, "wants specific answers" and will pressure him to tone down the universal message that could, ironically, bring him votes outside the community.

"He may be organizing in order to negotiate with one of the major parties, offering his political support as a 'dowry' of bargaining chip before the next elections," she continues. "The Russian community may be better off offering its vote to one of the larger parties, rather than going for one or two seats for a Russian party. I find it

difficult to believe Sharansky could unite the community sufficiently to get any more seats than that."

Sharansky's supporters deny that he is engaged in any cynical effort to build a "swing-vote" bloc to offer to the highest bidder. But if Labor and Likud are worried that he might, so much the better.

"Being a threat is not a bad thing," says Edelstein. "If it makes the major parties include more immigrants on their lists, that's already an achievement."

Sharansky himself says he's no longer sensitive to critics from the left or the right who say an immigrant party will take votes from their parties in the 1996 elections.

"At first, I tried to defend myself," he says. "Then I gave up. If they're threatened, well, maybe they should be! I'm not in this game to help this or that political party. My aim is to change national priorities."

All those interviewed agreed that Sharansky is the only possible candidate to head a new party list.

"We are lucky to have Natan, who has this kind of universal vision and is still concerned with the daily problems of the immigrants," says Edelstein. "He's loved by everyone. But even those who don't love him admit he's the only one for the job."

WHY SHOULDN'T Sharansky lead such a party, asks *Izvestia* chief editor Eduard Kuznetsov?

"He's the natural leader of the Russian community. People see him as honest. He symbolizes their expectations and frustrations. Now he has to live up to those demands."

Mark Goren, international affairs editor of the Russian-language daily *Novosti Nadezhdy*, says his paper's polls consistently show Sharansky is favored to lead an immigrant party. "The immigrants want to see someone with his kind of prestige, who nevertheless supports their specific interests, at the head of such a party," he says.

Now his task will be, Goren says, to unite an immigrant community that is divided on many key issues. "On foreign policy, the immigrants are close to the national camp, while on domestic issues, they are more liberal, closer to Labor," he explains. "Sharansky will have to take all this into account and show that his deeds match his words."

And if this initiative fails? "I'm very optimistic about the elections for the year 2000," says Irma Tsikol. "By then, we'll have a new generation of young Russian immigrants, the generation after Sharansky and the immigrants of the Seventies. It will be much easier then to build a party to support our interests."

-S.F.

ern, democratic Israel.

"In some way, there's a certain nostalgia for a world with clear choices," he says. "When I first came here, the biggest complaint someone could give me was to say I looked like a real Israeli. Step by step, you find out it's not paradise. Then the new immigrants you've been fighting for start to arrive and they're different from you, and you fight with them, and you're critical of each other. But then you find these new immigrants are bringing values very dear to you that the sabras don't have. The sabra values must be merged with the immigrants' love of excellence and ambition, the yiddish kop. That's how I see this movement."

Before the last national elections in June 1992, Sharansky refused an appeal to head a new Russian immigrant political party, Da, which ran on a narrow platform of immigrant rights. The party failed to gain even one Knesset seat. Disappointed supporters charged that Sharansky's refusal to head their list ensured its failure.

Sharansky says he has never wanted to be a politician. Asked whether, during his darkest days in prison, he ever dreamed of leading a political party in Israel when he was freed, he replies: "I dreamed of a lot of things, but never that I would go into partisan politics."

His years of interaction with Israeli bureaucracies have only strengthened that conviction. "The more I see of Knesset politics, the less I want to be part of it," he remarks.

So why has he now decided to take the plunge? And why will this new movement succeed when Da failed so miserably?

First, Sharansky believes that Da emerged too early, and was therefore too narrowly focused. "We were still very much outsiders in Israeli society, concerned with immediate issues of absorption like finding a job and buying an apartment," he explains.

Now, four years later, the bulk of the Russian-speaking immigrant population feels part of the greater society, he says,

"The time has come for Israel to be more than just a haven for the world's Jews, but a place that attracts Diaspora Jews."

and is criticizing that society from within. "It's the criticism of people who see their children's future in Israel," he says. "They're concerned with improving the society as a whole."

Second, disappointment in the major parties is greater today than in 1992, when Russian disgruntlement with Likud led the new immigrants to vote overwhelmingly for Labor. Their disappointment is compounded by the fact that analysts believe it was the Russian immigrant vote that gave Labor four of its Knesset seats. Now that both major parties have been found wanting, says Sharansky, the

community is ready to turn to a new party.

Recent polls bear him out. A Tatzpit survey conducted among new immigrants from the former Soviet Union in March revealed that almost 45% would support an immigrant party if one existed. Just 36% said they would vote for one of the existing parties, while 19% were undecided.

A similar number of new immigrants supported an immigrant party one year

ago, but only after the creation of an immigrant party. "We hold open meetings with our readers, and every second question from the floor is, 'Why don't we create such a party?'"

And with the popular Sharansky at its helm, he says, such a party would attract voters while avoiding the infighting that ultimately destroyed Da.

"All other potential leaders for this movement, or political party, are equal, and would fight with each other," he says. "Sharansky alone is above the rest. If he doesn't lead it, we don't have a chance."

Sharansky says he's ready to move into politics now because the challenge facing the Jewish people is different today, and requires different tactics. "When I came here, I felt I had to continue my struggle against the Soviet system and work to bring Jews here," he explains. "That's something you do best outside party politics."

Now, he believes, the best way to convince the remaining Jews of the former Soviet Union to come here is by creating a more attractive Israel. And that's the job of political leaders.

"Almost six years after this mass aliyah began, we have not succeeded in changing national priorities," he says. "I don't want to be a politician, but if I have to..."

His voice trails off and he shrugs his shoulders. He's tired. It's midnight, and he's been on the move since dawn, organizing community meetings, putting the final touches on the movement's public statement, drumming up political support from his own ranks.

"Look, I don't want to be a politician, but I also didn't want to go to prison. It's all part of the struggle for freedom. It may be what you have to do to be free."

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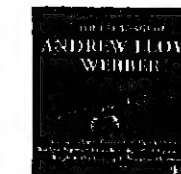
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(Right) Welcoming faces: Two residents of Kaukab greet visitors to their village with glasses of cold water.

(Below) Secret garden: Herbs grow in the ruins of an old building in Arrabe.



BED, BREAKFAST AND BAKLAWA

Arab villagers in Galilee are determined to grab a piece of the tourism pie.

By Ava Carmel



One day, the 8th-century ruler El Mahadi, the Caliph Abassi, was on hunting. His galloping horse brought him to a Beduin tent.

"May I have something to eat?" the caliph asked the Beduin.

The Beduin served him a loaf of bread and a bowl of yogurt, then took out a wineskin and poured him a glass of wine.

The caliph ate and drank, then asked the Beduin, "Do you know who I am?"

"No," replied the Beduin.

"I am the servant of El Mahadi, the Caliph Abassi."

"May you be blessed," said the Beduin, pouring him a second glass of wine.

After he finished the wine, the caliph asked again, "Do you know who I am?"

"Yes," replied the Beduin. "You are the servant of El Mahadi, the Caliph Abassi."

"No, I am one of the caliph's ministers," replied El Mahadi.

"May you be blessed," said the Beduin, pouring him a third glass of wine.

After he finished the wine the caliph asked once again, "Do you know who I am?"

"Yes," replied the Beduin. "You are one of the ministers of El Mahadi, the Caliph Abassi."

"No, I am the caliph himself," replied the ruler.

"Enough!" exclaimed the Beduin, taking away the wineskin. "If I pour you a fourth glass you will say you are a messenger of Allah himself."

The caliph laughed and presented the Beduin with a robe and gold coins.

Hospitality is basic to Arab tradition. If a traveler comes to your home, you may only ask him who he is and what is the purpose of his visit after he has stayed for three days.

"I truly enjoy having visitors," says Ali Raja Hajji over coffee in the ornate living room of his home in the Galilean village of Kaukab. He and his wife, both teachers, have been running a bed-and-breakfast for the past year, having converted their entire second floor into rooms for guests. Theirs is one of a number of homes in Kaukab, and nearby Arab villages, that are now operating as B&Bs.

Visitors who know little about traditional Arab village life may arrive in Kaukab with feelings of apprehension and curiosity. They are surprised by the sound of the muezzin calling from the minaret, the spacious and modern homes, and the residents, many of whom work in Haifa and speak Hebrew fluently.

"This is an opportunity to build a bridge between Jews and Arabs within Israel," says Joseph Engel, senior adviser to the tourism minister. He stresses that all B&B establishments have to operate according to ministry standards.

Kaukab is one of the many Arab villages located in a pastoral, hilly region of western Galilee, south of Karmiel. The nearby Arab villages of Sakhnin, Deir Hanna and Arrabe acquired a bad name 20 years ago after the government announced plans to expropriate land in the area. Violent protests ensued, leaving five residents dead, 70 residents and some 50 policemen and soldiers injured; more than 260 rioters were arrested.

Land Day, as March 13, 1976, has become known, is still commemorated every year with strikes and demonstrations. Mohammed Ibrey, who was then head of the Arrabe Local Council, stresses that today villagers are trying hard to change their image.

Interspersed between the Arab villages, which each have their own local council, are the 29 Jewish settlements comprising the region of Misgav. Relations between the two populations are generally good. "We have our differences," admits Erez Kreisler, deputy head of the Misgav Regional Council, "but we also have our

common interests, such as infrastructure and tourism."

Yodfat, established in 1960, was one of the first settlements to become part of Misgav. "When we came here," says Ruth Avidor, one of the original settlers, "we were surrounded by people who didn't know any Hebrew, so we learned Arabic."

Over the years, Avidor and the other members of Yodfat have developed close relationships with their neighbors, and to this day they invite one another to weddings and other celebrations.

It was Avidor who came up with the idea of promoting tourism to the Arab villages. "The bed-and-breakfast concept has been very successfully adopted by the kibbutz, so why not in the villages?" she asks. Two years ago, she began working together with friends from Kaukab, planning guided tours and arranging accommodation.

Soon Avidor began receiving telephone calls from the heads of local councils of other villages in the region who were eager to join the project.

Today there are some 50 rooms available, with new ones being added all the time. And after hearing how successful tourism has been in Kaukab, 17 Arab villages in Galilee have expressed an interest. Avidor presently promotes the project through the Misgav MATI (Small Business Development Centers) and the Government Tourism Association, coordinating between entrepreneurs and the authorities.

"When I began the project," she says, "I knew that the villagers were very sensitive about the way visitors dress and behave. Even though many of the residents of Kaukab work in the cities and are exposed to our way of life, bringing that way of life to Kaukab is another matter. I was afraid that people would be offended if they were told not to wear shorts or to express affection in public. Quite the opposite — they have been very cooperative and respectful."

Asaf Ahar of Kibbutz Hatzertim in the Negev spent several days in Kaukab last summer with his wife.

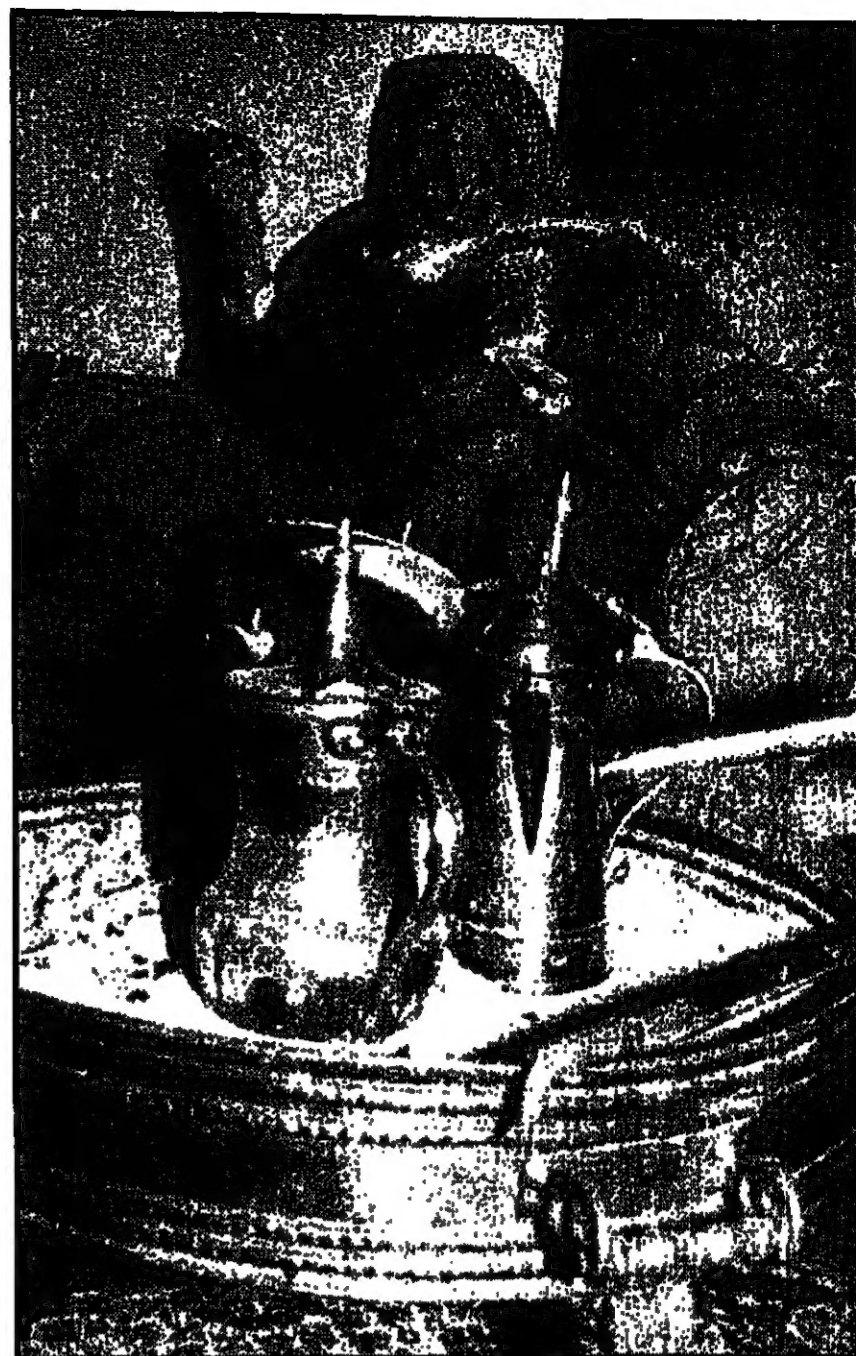
"I strongly believe in coexistence," says Ahar. "But prior to our trip to Galilee, this belief was only theoretical. We wandered freely around Kaukab and several other Arab villages. Everywhere we went, people stopped to talk to us. We didn't come to visit specific tourist attractions, but to directly experience life in an Arab village. We intend to return."

Avidor notes that in addition to domestic tourism, village life has proven appealing to foreign tourists, mainly pilgrims from Germany, France, Holland and the US, who come in groups on guided tours. One group of 50 young Jewish adults from San Francisco stayed over in Deir Hanna recently during an educational tour of Israel. A kosher dinner was prepared for them by their hosts and they spent the evening discussing coexistence with Jewish and Arab youth from the region.

"Many of the villagers have relatives in Jordan," says Avidor. "Those who visited Israel recently have said that when there is normalization, Galilee will be flooded with Jordanian tourists."

The major tourist event in the region is the Music and Nature Festival, hosted by the Misgav Regional Council, which takes place every year during Pessah. For the past two years, Kaukab, Deir Hanna, Arrabe and Sakhnin have taken an active part in the festival, with guided tours, concerts and crafts exhibitions in each village.

In addition to the B&Bs, villagers are showing more interest in establishing permanent tourist attractions. During the festival, Omar Ayadi of Arrabe set up a tent by a spring, on a hillside with a panoramic view of his village and the surrounding countryside and offered refreshments. Hundreds of visitors passed through and now Ayadi dreams of restoring the spring and opening a restaurant in the tent.



Mohammed Ibrey, who headed the Arrabe Local Council in 1976, says that villagers are now trying to change their image.

At a recent meeting of residents of Arrabe involved in tourism, Engel told the villagers, "If you are interested enough to invest your own money in a project, then the Tourism Ministry will find the funding for infrastructure, training and marketing. But first the entrepreneurs have to do their part."

The ministry has already proved its willingness to help establish tourism in the area. At this year's festival, visitors were treated to performances of the debke (traditional dance), and an exhibition of traditional crafts, produced by village women attending a ministry-sponsored course.

Last year, 80 Jews, Arabs and Druse studied management, marketing and development of tourism at the Western Galilee College, north of Acre.

Engel has offered other suggestions for making the area more attractive to tourists. Although villages like Kaukab are picturesque, Engel feels "there isn't enough history to be seen. Most of the old homes have been torn down and new homes built in their place. Even the few remaining old homes have been sprayed with stucco and no longer look authentic."

SITES TO SEE

For the tourist to Western Galilee, there are already a number of attractions that are worth a visit. The tomb of Hanina Ben-Dosa, one of the rabbis who compiled the Mishna, is located in a walled courtyard in Arrabe, shrouded by a huge, gnarled gum arabic tree.

The Museum of Palestinian Folk Heritage in Sakhnin comprises over 1,500 artifacts which detail traditional life in an Arab village. For details call Amin Abu Raya, the curator, (06) 742515.

The ruins of Dahr el Omar fortress sit on the summit of a hill in Deir Hanna. The grand fortress was built by the Beduin chieftain who conquered Galilee in the 18th century.

The tomb of Abu el-Heja, after whom the village of Kaukab Abu el-Heja is named, has become a place of pilgrimage for infertile women and the infirm. During dry winters, a procession of villagers walks from the tomb of a local religious leader along a ridge of hills to the tomb of Abu el-Heja. According to local folklore, by the time the procession reaches his tomb, it will have begun to rain.

During a week in May, Jewish and Arab sculptors created works of art on the theme of peace and coexistence as part of a project sponsored by the Kaukab Local Council, Beit Hagafen (the Arab Jewish Cultural Center), the ministries of foreign affairs and absorption. The sculptures are situated on a ridge above the village of Kaukab.

A guidebook for tourists (in English) is available from the Western Galilee Tourist Association, tel. (04) 981-7419. For bed-and-breakfast information and reservations call (04) 990-1555 or (04) 980-0708.

Villages should be prepared to return to their roots, he suggests, by restoring the heart of their village and reinstating traditional crafts. Then, he believes, they will be offering tourists something they can't get anywhere else.

For Dr. Shukry Arraf, historian and geographer, "Galilee is a mosaic of peoples and religions. There are Jews, Druse, Sunni and Shi'ite Moslems, as well as Christians, Greek Orthodox, Greek Catholics and Protestants."

He notes that most modern Arab villages are built on the ruins of older settlements and, as such, are an integral part of our national heritage. "There are olive presses, flour mills, ancient churches and mosques which could be restored and developed as tourist attractions," he says.

To illustrate his point, Arraf, 64, shows a visitor around a traditional square, stone house in the village of Mi'ilya, west of Ma'alot. "Homes were built in this manner until the early 1920s, when the import of cement began," he explains. "The window above the main doorway is for defensive purposes," he continues. "If someone tried to break in through the door, the residents would throw things down on him."

A pot with a plant in it was placed at the end of each step, so children wouldn't fall. The nooks in the wall under the stairs were for raising doves [which provided] fresh meat, he adds. "The doorway is as high as a camel and the width of a donkey with packs. The animals had to be kept inside at night, so they wouldn't be stolen."

The family room, with a fireplace in one corner, was the woman's domain, where she baked pita and did her cooking. "Here the children played while the women worked," says Arraf. "The alcoves in the wall are for storage of basic foodstuffs such as olives, salt and olive oil. In winter the entire family would gather around the fire. This is where folklore was born — around the fireplace on long, winter nights."

One resident of Kaukab has already established himself as a tourism entrepreneur. A year ago, Yusuf Mansur, a building contractor from Kaukab, set up a huge tent on the outskirts of the village and opened a restaurant called Al Madafa.

In addition to the usual Middle Eastern fare such as grilled meat, humous and various salads and pickles, his specialties include home-cooked dishes his mother used to make, including cooked wild greens such as hubbeza (mallow) and olesh (chicory).

The restaurant gives Mansur the chance to talk to people he would never normally meet. "I enjoy these frank discussions," he says. "People want to know the truth about our way of life, how we feel about coexistence, and how we see the Jews."

But not all the inhabitants of Kaukab are pleased with the idea of tourism. Last month, one villager who appeared on a Channel 2 news bulletin expressed a fear held by many. "It is our tradition to be hospitable to visitors," he said. "But when you turn this into a business, to be done for profit, it is wrong."

Ahmed Haj, head of the Kaukab Local Council understands that, because hospitality is such an integral part of Arab tradition, it is hard for some people to get used to the idea of taking money for it. "Those who operate the B&Bs are from the younger generation," he says. "They understand that tourism is a viable alternative to agriculture, or to commuting to Haifa, and they want to earn their living from it."

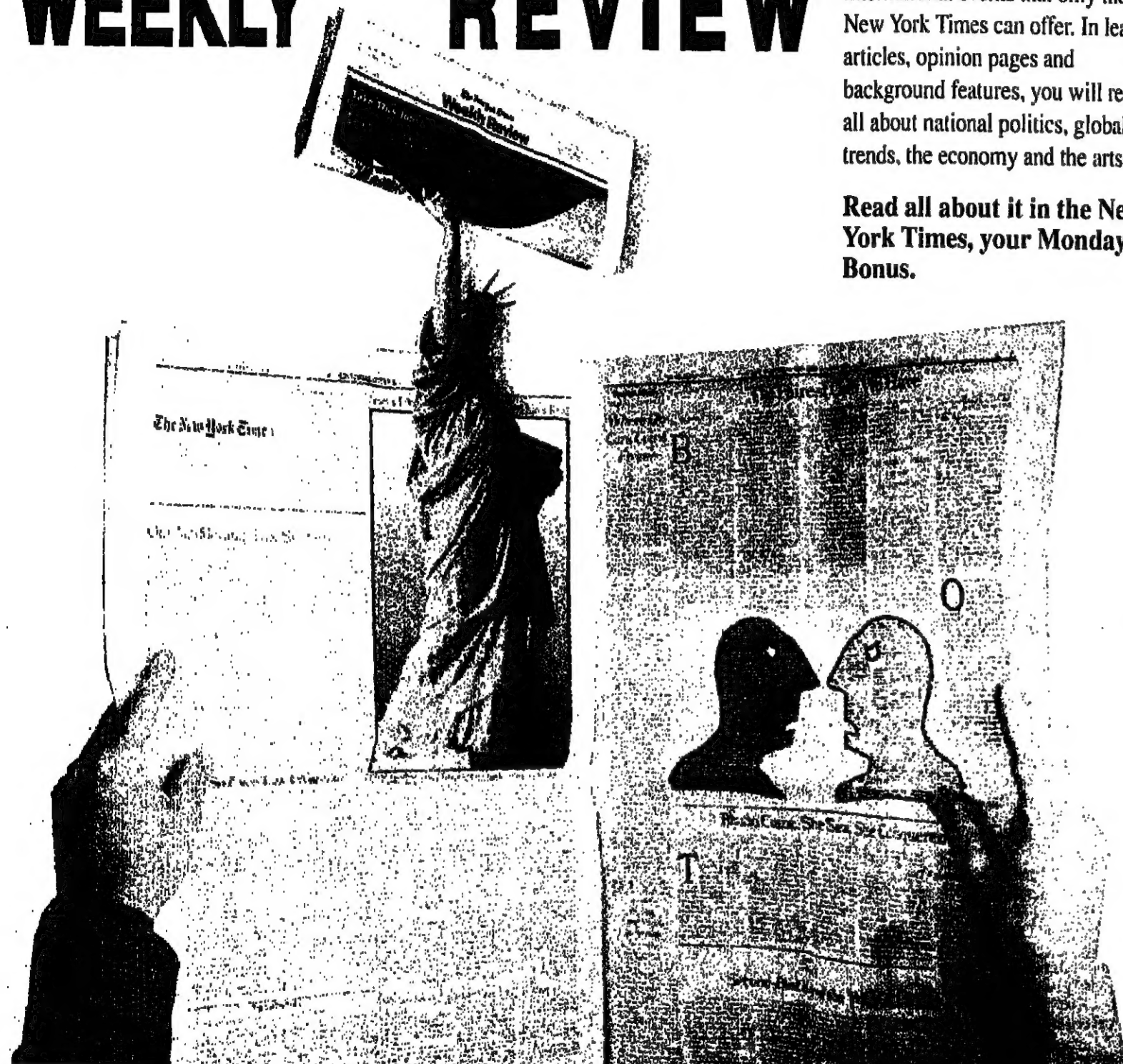
He considers the present surge of interest in Kaukab and the other villages an opportunity not to be missed. "After 48 years of living together, many Jews are still afraid of Arabs. We have to open our villages so they can get to know us. This is the Year of Peace Tourism, and while Israel is making peace with the Palestinians and with Jordan, this is a fine occasion to make internal peace."

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YOUR WEEK JUST GOT EVEN BRIGHTER THE JERUSALEM POST

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He has seen thousands of people afflicted in wars, earthquakes, epidemics and explosions - crying orphans, headless bodies and walking skeletons. Children have died in his arms. But Dr.

Jakov Adler says scenes of massive death and disease have never given him nightmares, even in the midst of a catastrophe. It isn't that he's insensitive. In fact, as director of the emergency medicine department of Shaare Zedek Hospital for two decades, Adler is known here and abroad as a very nice guy, in addition to being a first-class professional.

"It's often very difficult at the disaster, but I'm able to switch off and detach myself. If not, I wouldn't be able to work effectively," explains Adler, who is going on early retirement from the Jerusalem hospital to become deputy medical director of the UN's peacekeeping forces.

Not everyone, however, reacts in the same way. He has been on emergency missions around the world, and some rescuers - even doctors and nurses used to blood and suffering - have become hysterical, hyperactive or depressed. "We talk to them, and may give them medication. You can't know in advance when someone will lose control. Sometimes we have to send them home."

The 63-year-old doctor volunteers a personal explanation for his own "immunity" to such behavior. "I was born in Czechoslovakia, and when I was a child, my family and I hid for five years from the Nazis in Norway and then in Sweden. We saw many tragedies," he says, without elaborating. His immediate family survived the Holocaust, but relatives perished.

When he takes up his new job at UN headquarters in New York this week, he will serve as deputy to Dr. Andre Deckner, a German physician.

Adler immigrated here by himself at the age of 17; the rest of his family soon followed, and they lived in Ramatayim (now Hod Hasharon). His father, a lung specialist, worked in a nearby hospital that treated cholera victims, and later became director of a Ra'anana hospital known today as Beit Loewenstein.

Young Jakov went into the army and served in the artillery corps. Following in his father's footsteps, he enrolled at the Hebrew University-Hadassah medical school, graduating in 1960. He went to Soroka Hospital in Beersheba to specialize in orthopedic surgery and also served in the standing army as a doctor.

One day in 1968, when Adler was in the middle of performing an operation at Soroka, the IDF's chief medical officer called him and asked if he would lead a rescue mission to Sicily, which had been hit by a disastrous earthquake that killed thousands. Another surgeon took over, and he was off for Sicily two hours later. It was the first of many experiences he had in coping with a mass medical emergency.

In the late '70s, for example, Adler was sent to treat Kampuchean refugees at a camp on the Thai border. He headed an Israeli volunteer medical team and directed a 120-bed hospital they established in a bamboo hut. They saved lives, but it was a drop in the bucket for the desperate half-a-million refugees in the area.

When the Lebanon War broke out in 1982, Adler was sent by the Health Ministry to organize and operate public health services for residents of southern Lebanon. During that was, a UPI photograph of an "armless baby girl" injured in Israel's "indiscriminate bombing" of West Beirut was published worldwide. President Ronald Reagan told reporters he kept a copy of the photograph on his desk to remind him of civilian suffering in Lebanon.

The Health Ministry sent Adler to check the veracity of the claims.



Dr. Jakov Adler has to remain as calm at disaster scenes as he does in the emergency room. "I'm able to switch off and detach myself."

DISASTER MENTALITY

Dr. Jakov Adler has seen it all as a leading figure in this country's emergency medical care, and he's going to see more as he takes up a lofty UN post.

By Judy Siegel-Itzkovich

He located the child - a boy, not a girl. His arms had not been amputated, but his broken left arm was in a cast. Otherwise, he was healthy, and burns on his face were almost healed. The baby was released from the Beirut hospital five days after his picture made front pages around the world.

In 1984, Adler flew to Ethiopia with peace promoter Able Nathan to organize medical services in a refugee camp in the area. Five years later, he was dispatched to Romania after the overthrow of the government, to bring in urgently needed medical equipment. Six months ago, he helped treat Rwandan refugees in a camp in Zaire.

He planned to continue until retirement age at Shaare Zedek, from which he took a two-year leave of absence in the early '90s to serve as director-general of Magen David Adom. (He was asked to leave by then-health minister Haim Ramon, who preferred to have an economic expert rather than a physician to run the financially troubled organization.) But the Foreign Ministry asked Adler to apply for the UN position as Israel's candidate among 16 physicians from around the world.

He consulted with his wife Malka, and with their five daughters, aged 21 to 34. "I didn't even know who the other candidates were, and wasn't thrilled with the idea of leaving the country. But then I was told I had been chosen, and I agreed."

The position is a new one, as Deckner realized he needed assistance in his job of keeping 100,000 UN troops around the world fit and healthy. Officially, the job entails a year at the UN, but it is likely to be extended to two years. He looks forward to the UN post as a "new challenge" that will require him to fly to the places where UN peacekeeping forces are stationed. These blighted areas are not on any tourist map: Somalia, Angola, Bosnia and Haiti, for example.

Adler shuddered, with other newspaper readers, at the recent published photograph of a Canadian in UN uniform chained by Serbs to a pole in Bosnia to deter bombings by those opposed to Serbian rule. As deputy medical officer, Adler will be among those responsible for that soldier's wellbeing.

Dozens of countries send troops to serve in UN peacekeeping forces, including Pakistan, France, the US, Britain and Jordan. Israel has never been among them - except for the police contingent that was dispatched to Haiti last year at the special request of President Clinton. "It's very difficult for Israel to send troops to an area where it has no involvement. But other countries do send soldiers, and they go for idealistic reasons, or because they are professional soldiers who want to be where the action is."

Countries that send contingents of soldiers are directly responsible for medical services for their troops. They send medical equipment and mobile hospitals if necessary. But the UN is responsible for coordination, supervision and standardization of treatments, as well as evacuation to other areas when needed. Adler speaks six or seven languages, including German, so he doesn't think communicating with his boss or other UN personnel will be a problem.

Although Israelis typically dismiss the UN, Adler thinks the organization has a definite role in the world community. "Its image suffered due to the events in former Yugoslavia and other countries. But it isn't the fault of the UN forces themselves; it's because of political problems."

Adler was supposed to have left in January, but he asked for a deferment so he could put the finishing touches on the Ninth World Congress for Disaster and Emergency Medicine, which he had been organizing for nearly two years and which was held in Jerusalem at the end of May. Some 300 experts from around the world attended this event, and most of them were based to four Jerusalem hospitals to see how the security, emergency and medical forces in the capital coped with a mass-catastrophe drill modeled after the Oklahoma bomb disaster.

Adler says he had asked the authorities to hold the drill when the congress was to be held, and they acquiesced. According to the scenario, a large "apartment building" in the Malha quarter "collapsed," causing hundreds of "casualties" and 60 "dead."

Planned in advance, and without a drop of blood spilt, it is the kind of "disaster" that Adler would prefer to deal with, but which never occurs in real life.

FASHIONABLE FUSS

The government is counting on a fashion extravaganza to dress up the country's image.

By Allison Kaplan Sommer

Gideon Oberson peers through the frames of his trendy designer glasses, examining a pair of white patent leather shoes with skinny high heels. The shoes, offered by his assistant, were acquired to be worn along with a floor-length blue-and-white-striped Oberson creation studded with mother-of-pearl. The dress will be his contribution to the "Fashion World's Salute to Peace," the much-anticipated and much-hyped extravaganza set to take place Saturday evening.

"No," Oberson says as he shakes his head. "No good. Those skinny heels don't look comfortable enough. Can't we find any platform shoes?"

His assistant looks doubtful. "Platforms, in white? I don't know if they make them."

"Well, give it a try," Oberson says with a sigh.

"Originally, the model Michaela Bercu was supposed to model this dress for the show, and she's a very tall girl," he explains. "I don't know what happened, but she is not able to show up for the event, and I am not going to alter the dress, so I'm looking for platform shoes to make the new model taller."

Oberson's quest for the proper footwear is just one of the thousands of last-minute details that have to be attended to in the days preceding tomorrow night's big event. His creation will join dresses by more than 60 designers, including top names like Chanel, Yves St. Laurent, Ralph Lauren, Pierre Cardin, Calvin Klein, Donna Karan, Oscar de la Renta and Giorgio Armani.

Oberson is joined by other Israeli designers, and designers from Egypt, Turkey, Jordan and Morocco, among other Moslem countries. Just days before the event, the organizers found a Palestinian model and a Palestinian designer to participate. Each designer was asked to contribute a dress that they believe best symbolizes peace.

"The blue-and-white stripes are my patriotic touch," Oberson says, looking at the dress with satisfaction. "Simplicity, and the colors of my flag."

For the opening presentation of the "Salute," he has created white gowns with Stars of David on the front that six of the models will wear. "Usually, I don't do this kind of theatrical stuff, but for such an event, I thought I had to do something out of the ordinary."

The gala event, which will be a must-attend for local socialites and the diplomatic corps, is being mounted to promote international travel to Israel during what has been proclaimed by the government as the Year of Peace Tourism.

Designer clothes would certainly not be the first tools that would spring to mind



Valentino spells 'peace' to size.

when it comes to promoting tourism to Israel; they are certainly a far cry from the holy places and archeological sites that are usually touted as Israel's attractions. But they are also a long way from conflict and the disturbing television images potential tourists conjure up when they think of Israel.

The Tourism Ministry wanted to get across a simple message: Israel is safe and fun. So, the thinking went, what better way to counter images of soldiers, stone-throwers, funerals and interethnic strife than by letting gorgeous women wearing designer creations stroll down a catwalk on the stage of the Caesarea Amphitheater with the Mediterranean Sea in the background?

"We want to get the message out that Israel is a land that is not only holy and historic, but is also international, peaceful, fun and where tourists can do the same things they can do traveling to any country," says Gila Mintkevich, managing director of the Association for Promoting Tourism in Israel, an agency of the Tourism Ministry.

"We need to move the image away from security problems, and we think this event has all of the right elements. It's not just a fashion show, it's a designers' happening. This is going to generate the kind of publicity that is utterly different from promotional videos about the Dead Sea and Eilat. It's going to be covered by everyone — from CNN to Japanese television to MTV — and it will generate awareness in the world that exciting and modern things are happening in Israel."

Awonderful concept; but to turn it into reality, the event has become one of the most complicated productions to be mounted here. More than 3,000 people are expected to attend the event, which will be broadcast live on Channel 2. Backstage at Caesarea there will be no fewer than 400 people, including TV crews, the models and their production, hair design and makeup staffs.

Mintkevich was overwhelmed last week with details: negotiating the details of plane tickets for models, setting up the stage, the production itself, people jockeying for tickets, and even the songs that performers Rita and Achinoam Nini are to sing at the "Salute."

"We're not really sleeping in this office," she said a week before the show. "About 30 separate problems are coming up every day. If it's not the contracts with sponsors of the event, then it's the media coverage or finding schoolchildren who are going to be part of it."

Who's paying for all this? As Mintkevich explains it, the association raises money from various businesses associated with tourism for specific projects. She refuses to comment on the total cost of the "Salute," but says that for every government shekel spent on the event, four are being raised privately. Some of the services — plane tickets and hotel rooms, for example — are being provided free of charge in exchange for publicity. Even the insurance on the expensive designer outfits being flown in was donated.

In Ramat Gan, across the Ayalon Highway, Michal Even-Zahav of Gitan/BBDO, the public relations agency handling the event, says she is equally swamped. Called to the reception desk for a package that had arrived from Japan, she was surprised to find a delicate pair of silver slippers inside. One of the Japanese designers had forgotten to include it with his outfit and had shipped it separately.

For the organizers of the event, navigating the notorious egos of the fashion world has been as difficult as putting together perfectly matching outfits. First and foremost, there was the tricky question of which Israeli designers to include in the show. When the list was released, there was considerable grumbling at the choices, that now and exciting young designers were neglected in favor of veterans who had good connections with members of the

PEACE IS, LIKE, AWESOME

Ah, supermodels! The original vision of the fashion world "Salute to Peace" would be to bring the cream of the crop, or at least one of them, to Israel, to star in the big show: Cindy Crawford, Linda Evangelista, Christy Turlington, Naomi Campbell, Claudia Schiffer, Kate Moss — any one of these sleek millionaires would have done. The reasoning was: where the supermodels go, so go the cameras and the international publicity.

Just imagine: Crawford flashing her famous smile on top of Masada, or Teutonic goddess Schiffer visiting the Western Wall with her Jewish fiancé, magician David Copperfield.

The unenviable task of recruiting the famous faces went to Betty Rockaway, the chief of the local modeling agency, Image. Although Rockaway's record in setting Israeli models on the road to success in Paris and Milan is impeccable, her efforts to bring models in the other direction weren't.

No wonder. In a business where Evangelista once said she wouldn't get out of bed for less than \$10,000, these sought-after, well-paid women were being asked to donate their services for a VIP tour of Israel and the knowledge they were serving the cause of world peace.

"Unfortunately, when it comes to supermodels, they don't have peace on the brain, they have money on the brain," Rockaway says with a sigh. She reports that she came very close in a few cases: a few of the stars told her that they would show up if nothing better came along. However, jobs that pay half a million dollars or offers to model for the cover of *Vogue* did happen to come their way.

But Rockaway says she is very pleased with two of her major acquisitions.

Both are younger models on the rise, aspiring to be tomorrow's Claudias and Cindys; who agreed to participate for the exposure and the experience.

One of them, Chrystele, is an exotic 21-year-old beauty from France, whose Caribbean parents blessed her with the combination of coffee-colored skin, unusually frizzy hair and huge blue eyes. This spring, the press covering Paris fashion shows voted her the best model of the year.

Another is an up-and-coming American face called Brandi (ever since Madonna; last names have become optional in show business).

"Her body is a creation of God," Rockaway says of the 17-year-old, who was born in New York, grew up in Oklahoma and now lives in Paris. She has graced the covers of magazines like *Glamour*, *Mademoiselle* and *Vogue*.

Speaking on the telephone from a photo session in New York, Brandi said that she was "totally honored" to be asked to participate in the "Salute to Peace," "because it's something that I am totally interested in."

Sounding utterly like the enthusiastic teenager she is despite her sophistication, she said helping the cause of peace is important. "If a young person like myself can help another young person, I think it's totally cool." When her agent called her up with the request, "I thought it was a great idea. She told me it's a salute to world peace, not just in the Middle East, so I said, like, yeah."

Brandi has been modeling from the age of 14, when Karl Lagerfeld of Chanel chose to age her as he has consistently for the past two and a half years. "He was the first person that I met in Paris. He was a really generous, kind man. From there, her career took off. I appreciate that. I don't know how many other people in the world can say that."

She also has no security problems in the Middle East. "The Israelis are really nice. Nothing has happened during my private life. I don't have a lot of stuff going on. I'm just going on and on right now."

Brandi is bringing along not one, but two teens to protect her. As with many young models, Brandi travels with a private tutor to complete her high-school education while flitting around the world and fattening her bank account. Maybe she can kill two birds with one stone: she can salute peace and write a paper about it.

"They, that's a cool idea," she says.

Totally cool. — A.K.S.



Brandi keeps covered in a wrap from Chanel.

steering committee.

"It was quite a problem," says Oherson, who sat on that committee, "because from the beginning it was determined all of the outfits should be evening dresses. The foreign designers insisted on this. They didn't want to send over sportswear or swimwear, only evening wear. In Israel, as you know, we are not very strong in this department."

"The choices were difficult; we have a lot of designers. We were looking at people who had worked for a longer period ... people who were in the industry for many years and have a proven track record, because we weren't allowed to take out any garment if the designer wanted to show it."

"So, finally, we had the group of 10 designers who had been chosen. Of course, there are fights, other designers are not happy about it. But I'm sorry. There are some very good designers around working in trade and in ready-to-wear, but in evening wear, I think we have chosen the best."

Then there was the pressure to get some of the big designer names to do what the event was supposed to encourage: travel to Israel. Although it was a long trip for a charity event, it was hoped that at least one top-drawer designer would accompany his or her creation to the Holy Land.

Until the beginning of the month, there were hopes that Giorgio Armani would grace the country with his presence. Early publicity expressed the hope that half of the designers would come. But there was no such luck. Only a handful of designers will be coming, none of them household names. Now, Even-Zahav claims it doesn't matter, and downplays the earlier efforts to attract them.

"What is important is that they sent the clothes," she says.

She does admit that major efforts were made to bring over at least one of the world's supermodels, an achievement which would have guaranteed increased international publicity.

"Of course we would have liked Cindy Crawford to come, but her schedule wouldn't let her. But no matter, we do

have two foreign world-class models coming that we are very satisfied with." Her catches are Chrystie and Brandi.

For Even-Zahav, 35, creating this event has been an utterly different experience from past work putting together meetings of the Israel Business Forum. "We're talking about negotiating between two utterly different worlds: a government ministry and the fashion industry. How challenging can you get?"

Oherson's swimwear and clothing designs are already a common sight in stores worldwide. But for younger Israeli designers, the "Salute" will be a rare opportunity to show at least one of their creations before the cameras of the world. One of them is Eliana Stellero, who has an elegant boutique on Tel Aviv's Ben-Yehuda Street. The 31-year-old designer moved here 13 years ago from France and graduated from Shenkar College of Fashion and Textile Technology. Aside from the occasional tourist, her clients are all Israelis.

"I was surprised when they requested that I make a dress for the 'Salute,'" she said. "Everyone was talking about the show, so I was really pleased when I was asked."

Stellero is taking the peace theme literally. She is creating her dress from a delicate piece of netting with white satiny ribbons woven through it. On the back will float white balloons with mini-figurine doves perched on them.

"I call the dress, 'The Clouds of Peace,'" she says. She estimates that creating the dress took between 300 to 400 hours.

Much of the logistical complexity of the event is due to the fact that the "Salute to Peace" will be broadcast live. Hence, there is a conflict between the dramatic and elegant event the fashion world wants and the faster-paced, more exciting entertainment show that Keshet, the company broadcasting it on Channel 2, is pushing for.

"It's complicated because we want to do something very beautiful and very different," says Oherson. "And what's good for TV is not always good for the audience."

There's another problem: commercials. "Live broadcasts are particularly bad for the audience because during the commercials they just sit there," Oherson adds. "But today we are in the world of media and there's nothing you can do about it."

But even with television — and even without Cindy Crawford or Giorgio Armani — Oherson and the others behind the event are convinced it will be a success.

"Fashion is very in fashion," he says. "It's all over television today. I mean, really, who doesn't like to see beautiful young girls in the latest

styles? It's young. It's fresh. "Whatever brings people to Israel, that shows off the country and puts us on any map — whether it's music, it's sports, or it's fashion — that's what's important. We are not showing off Israeli fashion to the world as much as we are showing off the country. I think it was a great idea."

(Right) Doves are a popular motif among 'Salute' designers.

DESIGNERS ROOT FROM THE SIDELINES

An impressive roster of big-name designers have sent their specially designed garments to the "Fashion World's Salute to Peace." Trying to convince them to come to the event in person was another story.

Even the nice New York Jewish boys and girls in the fashion world — Calvin Klein, Donna Karan, Ralph Lauren and Isaac Mizrahi — decided that now was not the time for a trip to the homeland.

"I don't feel it's important. Designers are not normally very nice people, so it's not so important to meet them," comments local designer Gideon Oherson, his tongue firmly in cheek.

In lieu of their presence, several of the top names in fashion sent along their sentiments to the organizers of the event along with their garments.

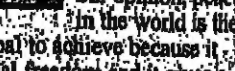
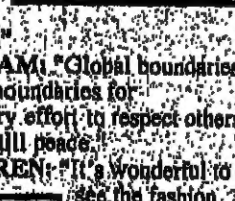
ROMEO GIGLA: "Designers are craftsmen of beauty. We try to translate unresolvable ideas such as dreams into reality. Peace is also often an unresolvable idea. The important point in the former as well as the latter is to truly search for them with passion and sincerity."

DONNA KARAN: "I can't think of anything more important than joining forces to promote peace on earth. Since fashion is one of the most international industries of all, I believe with my heart and soul we have the power to make a difference."

TODD OLDHAM: "Global boundaries should never be boundaries for compassion. Every effort to respect others is an effort to install peace."

RALPH LAUREN: "It's wonderful to see the fashion industry unite. Once again, behind a cause that is important to us all. We look forward to the possibility of long-lasting peace in the Middle East."

DOLCE & GABBANA: "In our opinion, peace in the world is the most important goal to achieve because it guarantees personal freedom and it gives a

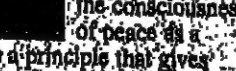
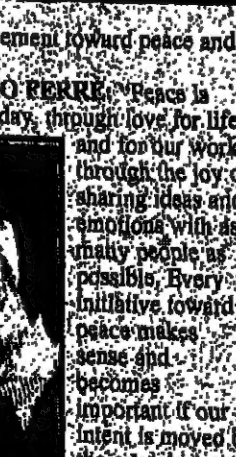


chance for people to live together in harmony."

GIORGIO ARMANI: "This great event, promoted by the fashion community, serves to open an international 'window' onto the new era of peace in the Middle East. As a designer and participant, I am honored and moved to be part of celebrating this great human and cultural movement toward peace and progress."

GIANFRANCO FERRE: "Peace is achieved day by day, through love for life and for our work. Through the joy of sharing ideas and emotions with as many people as possible, every initiative toward peace makes sense and becomes important if our intent is moved by the consciousness of peace as a primary value, as a principle that gives significance to human existence."

ISAC MIZRAHI: "The fashion industry is a global industry. It is a unique opportunity to bring together people from different cultures and backgrounds to celebrate peace and harmony."



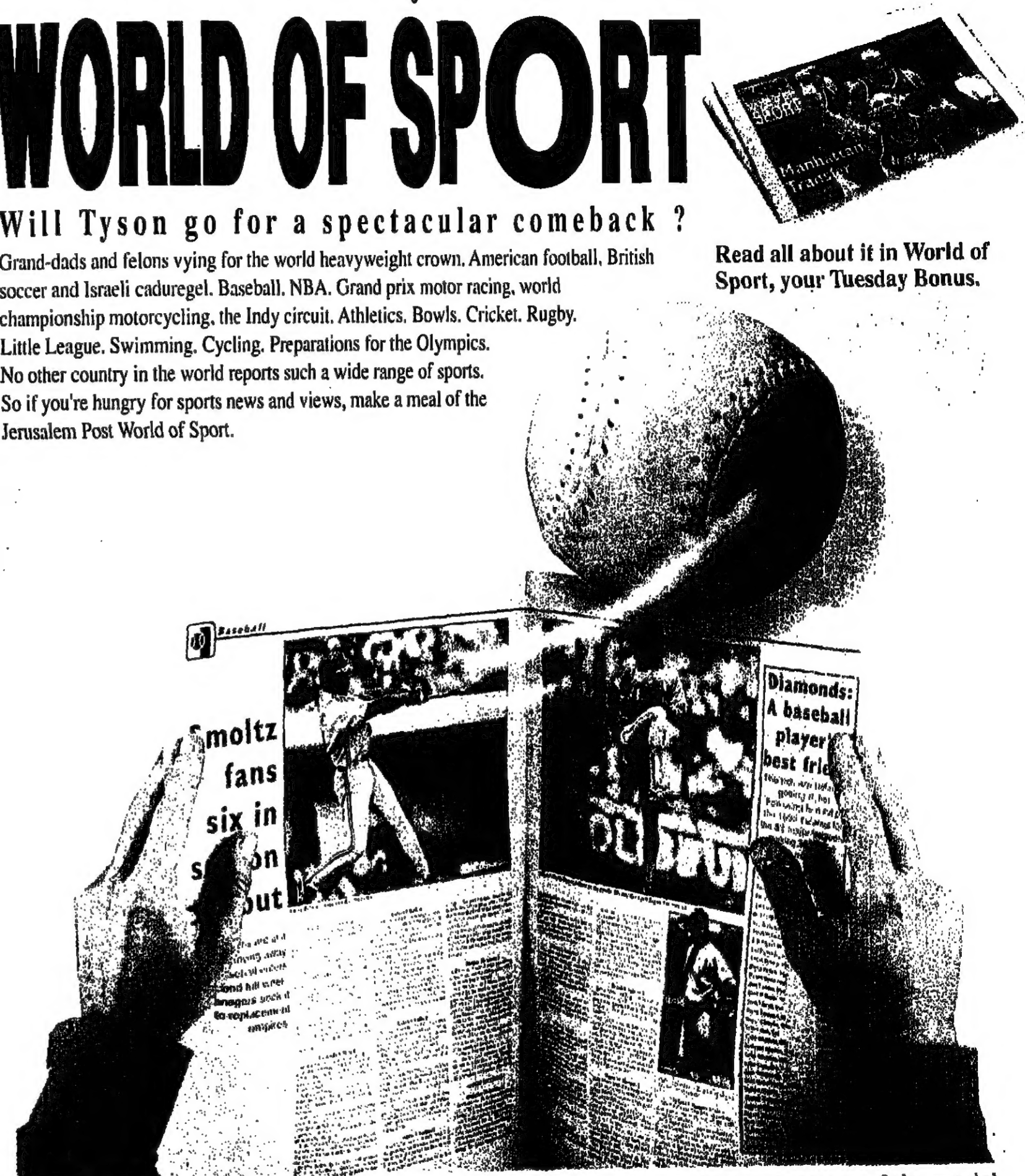
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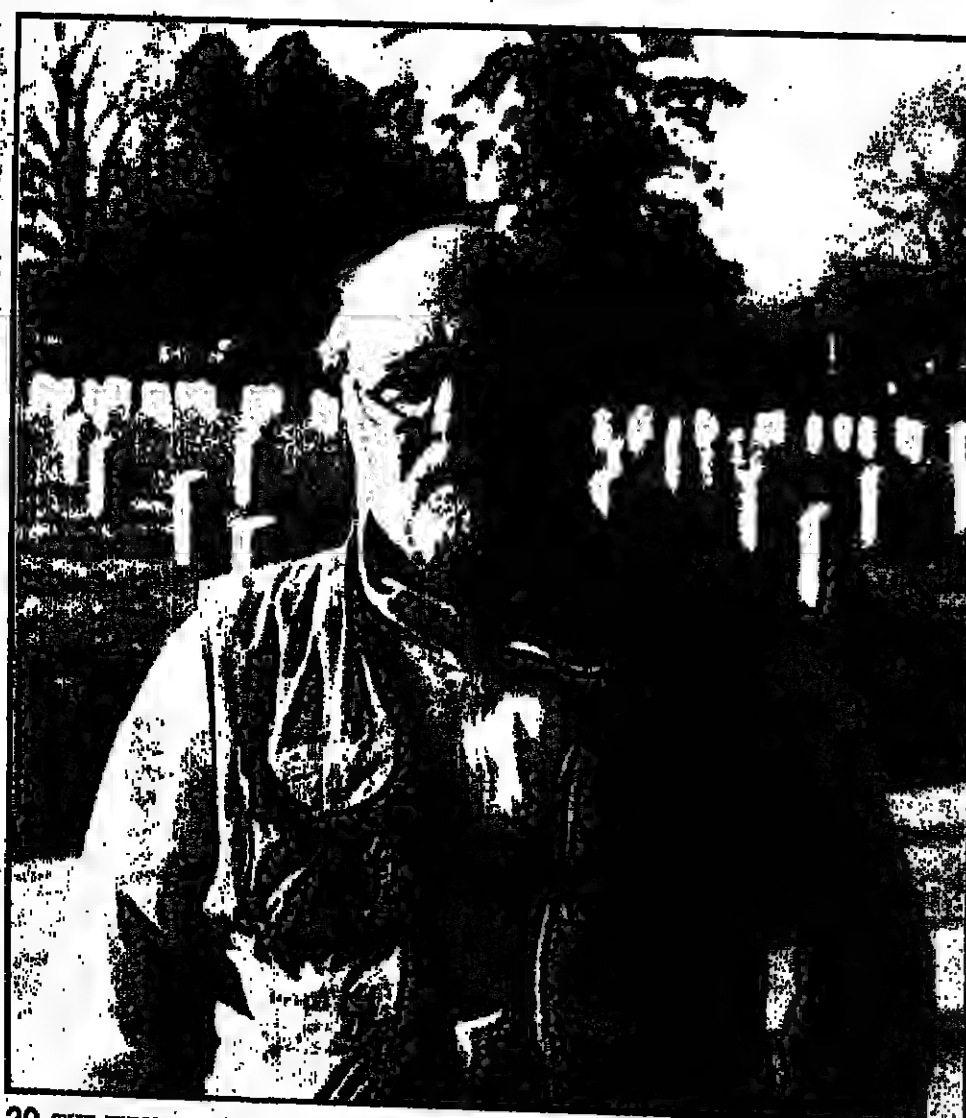
(Right) The gravestone of Joseph Hoffman, a veteran of the Spanish-American war.

(Below) Ken Poch: 'I'm proud of who these people are.'

ROLL CALL FOR THE FALLEN

Jewish-American soldiers have died for their flag since the Civil War, but one man is now determined they should not be forgotten.

By Hillel Kuttler



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When Ken Poch moved to Washington in 1992, he picked up a book on Jewish Civil War veterans buried throughout the country. It told him that five Jewish men rested in Arlington National Cemetery, just across the river from the nation's capital. Poch visited the graves, placed a stone atop each and said *kaddish*.

"I'm not a religious person, but I did it because I might have been the only person to ever visit the graves," he said of the war that ended 130 years ago last month. "Don't forget, a trip even from New Jersey in the 1860s — you're talking about a two-day [journey]."

What began as an interest became an obsession. Poch, now 53, has since spent nearly every weekend and vacation documenting the Jewish population of the nation's best-known military burial ground.

He has now compiled 1,954 names of those known to be Jewish, everyone from Jerome Aaron to Lester Zussman. (Poch does not include in his list spouses who were not themselves in the military.) The task is challenging. The cemetery's records office does not list the dead by religion and its records are not computerized. And only since World War I have soldiers been permitted to have a religious symbol such as a cross or a Star of David adorn their headstones.

So when he encounters a new Star of David, Poch harvests another name for the list. Still, even after World War I, soldiers didn't always declare their religion on

enlistment forms.

"If he didn't practice [Judaism] or didn't want somebody to know, I'm not going to force him," he says.

Poch, who has systematically crisscrossed the 225,000 grave sites on 612 acres of rolling, grassy hills, says his goal is to write a book on the cemetery's Jewish residents — be they combat casualties or veterans or peacetime soldiers who lived out their post-uniform years.

He hopes relatives of soldiers who hear of his efforts will provide him with names, stories and personal data of fellow Jews.

"These are people who should be recognized," says Poch, who works as a conference organizer. "I am crusading. I'm proud of who these people are. I'm proud to be an American and I'm proud that they are Americans."

On a beautiful Sunday morning recently, Poch is on his weekly rounds. A camera hangs from one shoulder, and he clutches his master list and a folder. He will photograph any stone with a Star of David or a Jewish-sounding name and check it against the cemetery's records later.

Poch, a squat, muscular man with a gray beard is leading a reporter through the Civil War section — the original burial ground established on Gen. Robert B. Lee's former estate.

The headstones in this section are bereft of all but the most basic information. The Jewish ones, like the others, have just an outline of a shield framing the name and date of death, and occasionally the rank and home state: Lewis Grossman, Pennsylvania: May 11, 1864; Henry Rich, Michigan: July 30, 1864; Frank Mayer, New Jersey: September

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YOUR WEEK JUST GOT **EVEN BRIGHTER** **THE JERUSALEM POST**

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10, 1864; Edward Simpson, a private in Battery H of the 1st West Virginia Light Artillery, who survived the war but died at just 28 years of age in 1875.

Simpson and his wife share a more modern stone than the others — Josephine survived him by 66 years — and Poch is eager to know more. He intends to not only list information on the Jewish dead in his book, but also to include short biographies of about 100 of them.

Maybe Simpson will be one. "I'd have to go back to West Virginia newspapers of 1875 and see if there are obituaries," he says. "That's why my work is far from done. I still want to document it."

Poch strides purposefully up each incline in the field, all the time spewing stories and anecdotes. He served two years state-side in non-active duty in the early 1960s — "The only thing I fought was how to get out of KP [kitchen duty]" — yet drops military jargon like a career officer.

Poch feels at home in this most unlikely of places. "I don't find it morbid at all. I find it very comforting. There's a tranquility about the place. It's quiet, it's outdoors, you can breathe clean air."

He has seen the unexpected in his two years traversing Arlington. Like the grave with a zucchini plant sprouting from the center. And the stones of two Native Americans killed during the Korean War, with totemic emblems instead of religious designations.

Or the gravestone with the name James F. McNally that had a Star of David on it.

Poch takes his job seriously and calls himself the cemetery's "Jewish ombudsman." He seems to breathe life into the deceased just like Edgar Lee Masters did in *Spoon River Anthology*.

"A person isn't truly dead until they're forgotten," he states when asked why relatives of servicemen contact him. "When the deeds that you've done in life are remembered, your memory will live forever. That's what these people want and that's what I want, too."

At a circular burial ground for Confederate war dead, Poch heads to a towering bronze sculpture designed in 1903 by Moses Ezekiel of Richmond, Virginia.

As if speaking of his own cousin, Poch will tell you that Ezekiel's parents immigrated from Holland and that he is the only Jewish soldier from the Confederacy known to be buried at Arlington. And that Ezekiel lived from 1844 to 1917, studied art in Europe and was knighted by the King of Italy and the Kaiser of Germany.

Poch jumps ahead to World War II. He attended a 50th anniversary memorial



'When the deeds that you've done in life are remembered, your memory will live forever. That's what these people want and that's what I want, too.'

ceremony here in January for the 240 victims of the USS *Shark*, a Coast Guard ammunition ship that blew up in the Guadalcanal. A man from Chicago told him about his brother, Melvin Haskell, who was aboard the ship. Both were immigrants from Czechoslovakia.

Another story from that war: Robert Cohen of Pennsylvania, 22, one of 140 POWs the Germans captured in the Battle of the Bulge, was executed in cold blood in Malmédy, Belgium.

Cohen's brother read an article about Poch and telephoned him.

"He said [Robert] didn't have much of a life," Poch recalls. "He started crying. He said, 'Excuse me.' I said, 'There's no reason to ask for forgiveness for crying over your brother, I don't care if it's 100 years [later].'"

Poch mentions a 1962 letter sent by an

antisemite in Brooklyn to Rabbi Bartram Korn, a reserve Navy rear admiral in the Chaplains Corps, who is buried here.

The letter claimed that "everyone (even the Jews) knows that the Jew is a coward and a chronic liar."

Poch fumes. "I'll take you over to a [buried] gentleman — this is an act of a 'coward' — Jerome J. London. In the jungles of the Philippines, he went in unarmed and talked armed Japanese into surrendering."

"The second time he went in, he brought out 49 armed Japanese soldiers. He learned Japanese at Michigan State University, came back to this country [after the war], worked for the Drug Enforcement Agency, was an undercover agent and busted one of the biggest drug rings up to that time."

Some of the dead have connections to pre-state Israel.

In the nurses and medical section lie five Jews, none of whom was killed in battle. Four are women.

Rae Diana Landy, a lieutenant colonel in the Nurses Corps in both world wars, was one. She was raised in an Orthodox home in Cleveland and went to Jerusalem in 1913 to work in a settlement house that was to become Hadassah Hospital.

"For a woman of that period to do these things was unheard of," Poch says. "But she was a free spirit, had her own agenda."

Perhaps the best known in Arlington with Israeli connections — though not a Jew — is Orde Wingate, a major general in the British army who taught the Yishuv defensive strategy.

"Not too many people in Israel know that Orde Wingate is buried here," Poch says. "Basically, he was in an American plane that went down in Burma [in 1944]."

Why is Wingate buried in the US? Because the body parts pulled from the wreckage were not identifiable, so Wingate and the other eight victims lie in a common grave.

That is also the reason why Judith Resnik — a mission control specialist on the Challenger spaceship when it exploded in 1986 — is buried in Arlington. She was not in the military, but the ship's pilots were.

The cemetery is not lacking for other celebrities. Presidents John F. Kennedy and William Howard Taft are buried here; so are boxer Joe Louis; actor Lee Marvin; World War II hero and movie actor Audie Murphy; and Supreme Court associate justices Oliver Wendell Holmes and Earl Warren.

There are Jewish VIPs too, like Adm. Hyman Rickover (the father of the nuclear navy) and associate justice Arthur Goldberg.

But Poch is as attuned to the details of the average "Joe" like Benny Appelfeld of Maryland, whose stone notes that he was a field wagoner in both world wars.

"A wagoner?" Poch asks incredulously. "What kind of a job is that for a Jewish boy?"

We leave Wingate's grave and Poch suggests: "Let's go talk to the rabbis. Maybe you'll get a piece of halal." And so off we go to view the graves of the only two rabbis entombed in Arlington: Korn, and Navy captain Joshua L. Goldberg, who died just six months ago at age 99.

On the way, I spot a Jewish name without the tell-tale star: Harry Bernstein of Company B, 2nd Virginia Infantry during the Spanish-American War. The name does not appear on Poch's list. Leaving the grounds, he stops at the records office to see what he can ascertain about Bernstein.

Alas, Bernstein's chart listed no religion. Officials are forbidden to divulge information on the next of kin, so Poch is left with no family contacts.

But perhaps someone will call Poch about this latest grave.

Or maybe the National Archives, which he visits occasionally, will supply a morsel. "It's not necessarily a dead end," Poch proclaims.

No Place For Samurai

THE HIDDEN ARMY: The Untold Story of Japan's Military Forces by Tetsuo Maeda. Chicago, Edition 9, Inc. 330 pp. \$24.95.

By Dennis Eisenberg

When a small group of Japanese parliamentary representatives visited Israel recently, the event passed virtually unnoticed. The purpose of their trip was to inspect the Golan, from where they peered insouciantly at Syria. They then flew to Damascus. From Kuneitra they stared westward towards the Israeli fortifications. Questions directed at them were politely sidestepped.

The visitors were here to study the feasibility "of sending Japanese soldiers to serve in an international peace-keeping force" in the event of a peace treaty between Jerusalem and Damascus.

Japanese cars, TVs sets, radios, we all know about. But Japanese soldiers? The last time most of us saw or heard about a Nipponese army was when we watched their cruelty in a rerun of *A Bridge on the River Kwai*.

After the Second World War the Japanese decided to abandon their traditional bellicose image. They became one of history's most pacifistic nations. Understandably so. Japan is the only country in the world to have been devastated by atomic weapons.

Its post-war leaders renounced war for all time. "Land, sea and air forces, as well as other war potential, will never be maintained. The right of belligerency will not be recognized," is the solemn promise laid down in Article 9 of its post-war constitution.

That was the noble and idealistic theory. However, it did not quite turn out like that.

As Tokyo journalist Tetsuo Maeda points out in *The Hidden Army*, stealthily and with its citizens being for the most part kept in the dark, Japan has become a mighty military power. It makes its own state-of-the-art warships (over 60 modern destroyers at the last count, plus other naval craft), as well as fighter planes and artillery. Mitsubishi does not simply produce popular motor cars. It churns out hundreds of top-class tanks. In brief, a powerful army.

And right now the same company, together with the giant US General Dynamics, is investing \$30 billion in the development of the 21st century generation of FSX fighter aircraft.

Fifty years after the end of the Second World War, Japan has the second largest army in the world, outranking even Russia," says Maeda. His country's defense spending, financed by the formidable industrial and trading platform built up since the war, is the second highest in the world. In 1993 this amounted to \$46 billion, and it is still growing. Only the US has a larger military budget.

"We are an unsinkable aircraft carrier," said Yasuhiro Nakasone, one of the recent prime ministers. It was no idle boast. Tokyo has made it clear that if threatened by any of its nuclear-armed neighbors (i.e. China or North Korea) Japan would also acquire a nuclear arsenal. Such a project could be activated swiftly. The country has not only the expertise and finance to do so, but also as much plutonium 239 as it needs from its 37 domestic nuclear power plants. It also has the means of delivery by aircraft or powerful rockets. Japan, after all, was the third country after the US and Russia to launch its own satellite.

Not only was the world unaware of this rearmament program, but it was also kept a secret from the Japanese people, who to this day remain fervently anti-war.



(Above) Shinto priests pray in front of the first prototype of the FSX, Japan's next generation support fighter. (Below) Foot troops of Japan's Self-Defense Forces.



buying American armaments.

Feeling threatened by the Soviet Union, Japan then focused on using some of its wealth to create its own sophisticated weaponry. Just as alarming was the nuclear buildup by China and by its traditional enemy, North Korea. The uncertainty created by the collapse of the Soviet Union convinced Japan that its part of the world was becoming a very dangerous place indeed.

What troubles Tokyo is the realization that when the Soviet Union was the "other" balancing superpower, it could rely on the US nuclear umbrella to protect it from attack. This is no longer the case.

As Japanese surpluses grow larger and the US national debt swells, a growing rift undermines the bonds between the two countries. Gone are those "great buddy" days when Japan allowed the US to use its bases for its war in Vietnam. The recent isolationist trend in Washington has convinced the Japanese that they are on their own now.

Japan's aloofness from the rest of the world was until recently part of its basic philosophy, as was demonstrated during the 1991 Gulf War. Tokyo fiercely resisted efforts by George Bush to become directly involved in the fighting. As a sop to its great ally, however, Japan contributed \$13 billion to help pay for the war against Iraq.

But because of the importance of keeping intact the precious flow of oil which fuels its industrial base, Japan has recently been rethinking its traditional policy of not concerning itself with the problems of the rest of the world. Its leaders realized that it was no longer sufficient to use their formidable navy simply to keep the long sea lanes, used to carry their products to the rest of the world, safe from potential enemies.

As a first step toward playing a more positive role in the affairs of the human race, Tokyo broke the ice of its strict isolationism by becoming involved in UN peace-keeping operations in Cambodia and Africa.

What stirred Japan to take such a step

were the lessons of the Gulf War added to those of the 1973 oil crisis. The key of course is oil, which has been the country's chief source of energy ever since it abandoned coal. Virtually all its suppliers are the oil-rich states of the Middle East. And without this source of energy, the entire Japanese economy could collapse.

If the growth of Japan as not only an economic superpower but also a military giant seemed rather remote to Israelis in the past, the time has come to sit up and take notice of what Tokyo thinks and does.

As Tokyo inches its way into a role for itself on the world stage, it is becoming increasingly clear that it is in its interest to keep in the good books of its Moslem suppliers. A sign of which way the wind is blowing was provided by the gift of \$20 million to the aptly named Orient House in Jerusalem, a building Yasser Arafat regards as the headquarters in the capital of the forthcoming Palestinian government.

The sudden interest in seeing for themselves precisely where the Golan Heights are fits into the new Japanese scheme of things. It has clearly occurred to Tokyo that by offering to get its own soldiers to fly its flag there in the context of an international force, Japan will become intimately involved in Middle Eastern politics.

As the rabbis used to ask whenever a new tsar ascended the Russian throne: "Is it good or bad for the Jews?" The same question can be legitimately posed today about Japanese intentions.

The omens are not propitious. Not only are the Arabs with their oil of far greater importance than the interests of the tiny Jewish state, but also worrying is the latent streak of antisemitism in many circles in Japan. The reasons for this are obscure, as only a handful of Jews actually live there.

Our sages might well advise: "Better the Jews defend the Golan Heights themselves and let those chaps who made our blood go cold along the banks of the River Kwai remain in Tokyo."

MOSES J. EZEKIEL
SERGEANT OF COMPANY C
BATTALION OF CADETS
OF THE
VIRGINIA MILITARY INSTITUTE

(Top) The gravestone of Rae Diana Landy, a lieutenant colonel in the Nurses Corps in both world wars. (Above) Moses J. Ezekiel was the only Jewish soldier from the Confederacy known to be buried at Arlington.

Cold Warriors

MORE PRECIOUS THAN PEACE: The Cold War and the Struggle for the Third World by Peter Rodman. New York, Scribners. 654 pp. \$35.

By Amos Perlmutter

Peter Rodman brings the experience of a policy formulator, the erudition of a historian and the perception of a political scientist to this important book. Rodman served in the Nixon, Reagan and Bush national security councils, and was one of Kissinger's key assistants. He was also director of policy planning and a deputy assistant for foreign affairs in the Bush administration.

In this analysis of US-Third World relations, Rodman recounts the divergent policies and views of Woodrow Wilson and Lenin on colonialism and nationalism. This sets the stage for discourses on Khrushchev, Eisenhower and Kennedy. The author goes on to analyze the Third World's great power confrontations which, following the death of Stalin in 1953, loomed especially large in the history of the Cold War as the Soviet Union sought hegemony in the ex-colonial world. The former colonies' newly formed nations proved fertile ground for Communist infiltration and an arena in which to challenge the capitalist world.

Following Rosa Luxemburg's dictum that imperialism "was the highest form of

capitalism," Stalin, Khrushchev and Brezhnev pursued an aggressive foreign policy. Thus began the globalization of the Cold War, which had already started in the Middle East with Soviet support for Syrian nationalism as early as 1946.

Rodman describes the American response to the Soviet challenge as formidable, if not always appropriate. The intellectual community, especially at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, made key policy contributions. Max Millikan and Walt W. Rostow were particularly influential in seeking to create a policy that would ensure "friendship and gratitude," and would "enable the recipient countries to carry much of the large share of the burden of military buildup against Communist armed forces."

The Cambridge concept as propagated by Harvard-educated senator John F. Kennedy turned out to be "ineffectual," according to Rodman. The liberal cold warriors who thought that economic development would lead to democracy were challenged by Harvard professor Henry Kissinger.

The fact was that no country that lacked a democratic tradition before economic development ever attained it afterwards. The Suez Crisis of 1956 demonstrated that the Eisenhower-Dulles policy of supporting economic development (such as the building of the Aswan Dam) only spurred the rise of a generation of leaders who dabbled in left-wing radicalism and supranationalism.

The rise of Nasser, and the ascent of the Ba'ath party in Syria and later in Iraq were

prime examples of praetorian militants and radicals replacing the old regimes of bankers, pashas and urban notables. The triumph of Nasser and others like him tilted the balance of the Cold War in the USSR's favor and shifted the emphasis to the Middle East. The USSR's economic and military aid helped institutionalize the new regimes in Egypt and Syria.

Kennedy accepted Khrushchev's challenges, in both Cuba's Bay of Pigs and Vietnam. The challenge of Communist nationalism and Western efforts to fight it became, according to Rodman, "fatal." Vietnam, in fact, emboldened Brezhnev, Khrushchev's successor.

A man of "few apparent intellectual gifts," and with a poor grasp of "the intricacies of arms control in the Third World," Brezhnev nevertheless was the author of the "correlation of forces" doctrine. This doctrine, in Brezhnev's view, led the USSR to seek "favorable international conditions for building Communism outside the USSR." This guaranteed that there would be greater intervention in the Third World, and more arenas of conflict. Khrushchev gives a detailed account of the various Cold War arenas such as Angola, Cambodia and Central America.

In the Middle East, Soviet policy was consistent until 1989 and the rise of Gorbachev. The Gulf War, writes Rodman, "marked a historic reversal of superpower fortunes." Saddam Hussein was defeated by an unprecedented American-European-Third World and Arab coalition, which showed how far things had come from the bleak days of the

Suez Crisis. The folly of the Eisenhower-Dulles policy of critical reliance on the so-called neutralists and the UN helped bring about the rise of anti-American Nasserites and pan-Arab nationalist regimes which fueled the Arab-Israeli wars.

Rodman records Soviet blunders, especially their assessment of Israeli capabilities and importance. "Foolishly, they later admitted, they severed diplomatic relations with Israel."

Rodman echoes Kissinger's misgivings over the proposal for quadripartite (American, Soviet, British and French) participation in Middle East peace negotiations. Kissinger was concerned that "the balance of forces in the region was being dramatically tipped by the unprecedented Soviet military intervention."

When Sadat came to power in 1970, Rodman became Kissinger's principal special assistant and confidant on Middle East affairs. Rodman accompanied Kissinger to his meetings with all of the principals at the time - Golda Meir, King Hussein, Sadat and ambassadors Rabin and Dobrynin.

In Moscow, Rodman writes, "we were treated to a barrage of bitter criticisms of Israeli intransigence and stern warnings that the Middle East was a powderkeg." Rodman concludes that "the human cost of the Cold War struggle in the Third World was devastating and with little long-term advantage to the USSR." He adds that economic development alone did not create political peace, stability and democracy in the Third World.

Nixon and Kissinger, Rodman writes, had "tried to educate the public about what they saw as the excesses of Wilsonian moralism." Nixon and Kissinger mistimed "ideology on all sides," Soviet as well as American, and were suspicious of "harnessing American idealism in the service of our strategic interests."

ple, while talking on the telephone to one of the bad guys, she says: "Turn on a light so I can see you." He is startled and jumps.

Reverend Dawn is wonderful because she figures in a severely rational and empirical novel. Maybe this says something about Leonard's view of women. His heroes adore them. At the same time, women drive men nuts because, aside from intelligence, they have things such as breasts. A bad guy will forget his practical, life-and-death interests if a woman like Reverend Dawn offers to get undressed. Not Raylan. But he is attracted to Reverend Dawn, and his girlfriend, a former stripper, can see this. When he talks about Reverend Dawn to his girlfriend, she says: "What does she look like?"

"The way girls used to look twenty years ago. Long dark hair parted in the middle. Thin..."

"How old?"
"Maybe thirty."
"She's young."
"Nice-looking, but bites her fingernails."

The stuff about the fingernails is supposed to throw his girlfriend off the trail. Exactly for that reason, she takes it to mean Raylan is emotionally involved. An idea of gender relations in which women are lative, seductive and mystical has been promulgated from the Bible to Saul Bellow, but Reverend Dawn is unique. She is absurd, convincing, good, bad, weak, effective, frightened, daring, and the whole plot turns on her actions.

In the end Reverend Dawn gets away, though she set up a kidnapping, but it feels right that Leonard wouldn't put her in jail. He likes her too much. Besides, it's his novel, so he can do what he wants, and nothing is more clear than his superb control. Sure, there are surprises, unpredictable violence, and characters have consistent points of view, which is to say minds of their own, but you know every minute who is boss of this crime novel and why it has been said he is the best.

(Los Angeles Times)

Absolute and Final

ALL THE DAYS AND NIGHTS: The Collected Stories of William Maxwell by William Maxwell. New York, Knopf. 393 pp. \$25.

By Tim Warren

William Maxwell notes in the preface to this collection that, when he was 25, he mistakenly thought that going to sea was the proper training for an aspiring fiction writer. "I had no idea that three-quarters of the material I would need for the rest of my writing life was already at my disposal."

That material, he discovered, was "My father and mother. My brothers. The cast of larger-than-life-size characters... that I was presented with when I came into this world." And since that time in 1933 when he sought his dubious seafaring experience, he has written six novels and some of the best contemporary short stories by an American.

This collection of 23 stories includes selections from as early as 1939 ("Young Francis Whitehead") and as late as 1992 ("What He Was Like"). Many of them were written for the *New Yorker*; a 1940 collection called *Short Stories from the New Yorker*, which I bought some years ago in a used-book store, includes his story "Homecoming," sandwiched in between works by Woolcott Gibbs and Thomas Wolfe.

His association with the magazine was also as an editor, where he worked for 40 years, editing the fiction of such writers as James Thurber, Vladimir Nabokov and John Cheever. Indeed, Maxwell, now 84 and retired, has been a significant literary force in the US.

All the Days and Nights indicates an author of immense gifts, one who understands what a short story is and what it takes to create a good one.

His stories are so fully realized that they recall the observation once made by Truman Capote. He maintained that, "The test of whether or not a writer has divined the natural shape of his story is just this: after reading it, can you imagine it differently, or does it silence your imagination and seem to you absolute and final? As an orange is final. As an orange is something nature has made just right."

"Billie Dyer," taken from Maxwell's 1992 collection of stories, is such a story. It's the portrait of an old black man from the author's hometown of Lincoln, Ill., who endured the vagaries of racism in the North. This was not the oppression of Mississippi at the turn of the century; it was more subtle, yet in its own way as devastating.

But not with over-confidence. When responding to nonfiction, my knowledge of the field covered is often limited to the book I am reviewing. I can't judge whether the author is right, wrong, original or derivative, only whether his writing and presentation are clear and interesting. As for fiction, where I am more confident of my judgment, I try to remember that taste is highly personal, and a reviewer should provide enough information about a book so a reader can say, "I like the sound of that," even if the reviewer comes to a negative conclusion.

RECENTLY, I received a very angry letter from Shalva Segal of Jerusalem, taking vehement exception to my response to Michel Govrin's *Hashem*. As kindly as I could, I had said in my review that I had found the book so over-written as to be virtually unreadable. I am aware that Govrin is a highly respected writer, and that discerning critics have praised this novel.

Perhaps my response was wrong. I have



READING FROM RIGHT TO LEFT

BY JEFF GREEN

This is Hebrew book week, when all the publishers display their wares in outdoor booths all over the country, an event I once took forward to. No more. Since I began writing this column, my house has been inundated with Hebrew books, proof that there can be too much of a good thing.

When people I meet discover that I write "Reading from Right to Left," they immediately ask how I manage to read so many books. Or, with less tact, whether I actually read all the books I write about. The answer is no. I could only do that much reading if producing this column were my full-time job. But, I argue, my task is descriptive, not evaluative. I read enough of a book to get a good general impression of it, and I do try to read one book from cover to cover every week, so I can venture an evaluation with confidence.

But not with over-confidence. When responding to nonfiction, my knowledge of the field covered is often limited to the book I am reviewing. I can't judge whether the author is right, wrong, original or derivative, only whether his writing and presentation are clear and interesting. As for fiction, where I am more confident of my judgment, I try to remember that taste is highly personal, and a reviewer should provide enough information about a book so a reader can say, "I like the sound of that," even if the reviewer comes to a negative conclusion.

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Perhaps my response was wrong. I have

to meet a close deadline every week, and sometimes I don't have the patience to keep plodding through a book if its first 20 or 30 pages exhaust me and seem to promise nothing better. I did leaf through Govrin's book after giving up the idea of reading it all, but nothing I lit on convinced me to return to it.

Clearly, I wasn't the right reader for that particular book. I try to be open-minded and fair, but sometimes a book rubs me the wrong way or catches me at a moment when I'm not receptive to its virtues. These are the realities of literary journalism.

THE GUIDING assumption behind this column is that the books published in a country offer insight into the nature of that country. Because an author has invested time and talent, and a publisher believes that the author's effort has potential to reach enough readers to justify the investment, the publication of a book is an act of public significance.

Of course not every book published in this country is significant in itself, nor does every book published here offer insight into Israeli society. Cookbooks, how-to books, business, legal and medical publications and the like are the backbone of the publishing industry everywhere, including Israel.

But I venture to say that more books about Kabbala are published per capita here than anywhere else in the world - showing something about this society.

In general, I try to write favorable reviews of books that I think deserve it, although readers are filled with malicious glee when a reviewer rips a book to shreds, and I confess that it's fun to indulge in that sort of verbal violence. However, I try to restrain my evil impulse. Why burden readers with hostile messages about books that are unworthy of their attention? Mainly, I am provoked to attack when I have been bombarded with public relations or when I find a book particularly offensive, mainly because it is pretentious.

Had I world enough and time, and if the *Post* could spare the space, I could easily cover twice as many books and still slight many worthy candidates. Gradually, by a process of trial and error, I have worked out a policy for choosing which books to mention. I generally give preference to the major trade publishers, both because the

high quality of their books merits it, and because of their importance as cultural institutions. Just as we expect a music critic to pay most attention to the major symphony orchestras, then so, too, the book critic naturally covers the publishing houses known for their careful selection process and ability to attract first-rate authors.

I also try to cover the noncommercial books published by university presses and various semi-academic and public institutions, and to give adequate coverage to small publishers.

While guided by my own taste and interest, I am always trying to stretch these to include material that I might otherwise ignore. If the column's mandate is to keep English readers informed about what's being published in Hebrew, I can't limit myself to books about subjects close to my heart or that appeal to me personally.

ONE ACTIVE field in Hebrew publishing that I was inclined to ignore was poetry. This is because my ignorance of Hebrew poetry was fairly scandalous, and I wasn't sure I would know what I was talking about. I didn't know where to begin. However, I asked around, looked at the way other critics respond to poetry in the Hebrew press, and stepped in as boldly as I could.

Another problem with poetry is that its publication is mainly subsidized by the poets themselves or with funds they manage to raise. Anyone with a typewriter and NIS 20,000 can call himself a poet. And they all send their books to *The Jerusalem Post* for review.

I have decided to devote a column to poetry every few months, but it's hard to figure out which books merit serious attention. Just getting a fair first impression of a book takes time, and then reading it carefully enough to respond intelligently in the column takes even more. The worst moments are those when I find I have invested an hour or more with something that doesn't merit coverage after all, a dead loss.

It often happens that I intend to mention a book but set it aside for an appropriate occasion, hoping that some other books on related topics will show up. However, when a prominent author publishes a new work, I try to cover it as soon as possible.

Hence, week after week, the books I had set aside get eclipsed by more newsworthy publications. Eventually, so much time has passed that they are no longer current and are consigned to neglect, making me feel guilty.

The main gratification of producing this column every week for more than two years has been the privilege of reading excellent books while they are hot off the press. Occasionally, my words have also caused literary events to happen. After reading about Haim Gouri's poetry in this column, the poet and translator Shirley Kaufmann contacted him, and they have worked together to produce English versions of his latest poetry.

Several other writers have told me that they have received contracts with foreign publishers or agents on the strength of my column. I have also been offered translation jobs (and accepted some of them) after responding favorably to books in the *Post*. Most gratifying of all, some of my readers are motivated to read the books I write about and have written to tell me so.

However, sometimes, when I pick up a load of new books in the office, my heart sinks. What will I do with them all? But then, when I read something surprisingly good, something that opens undreamed-of horizons, I am ebullient. Soon afterward, my ebullience fades.

I never get a chance to read as deeply as I could wish. My shelves are filling with excellent, informative, thought-provoking volumes that I tell myself I will one day return to - histories of medieval Hebrew poetry, estimable studies of Kabbala and Jewish thought, novels and poetry that merit further attention - but I know that next week will bring me another pile of books, many of which will be equally enriching and demanding. Maybe my children, who read Hebrew faster than I, will get to them.

JERUSALEM POST MAGAZINE

An Old Pro

RIDING THE RAP by Elmore Leonard. New York, Delacorte. 294 pp. \$22.95.

By Leonard Michaels

Elmore Leonard has written more than 30 novels. They are known generally as "crime fiction." Among them you find Westerns, which belong to another genre, though they also deal with crime. But whatever you call his novels, they always read like Elmore Leonard, distinctive in style and vision, brilliantly inventive in plot and characters. His latest novel, *Riding the Rap*, shows Leonard at the top of his form. You could analyze *Riding the Rap* and try to learn how to write like him. The plot is complicated, but if you study it you see how it's structured, and how characters are like chess pieces.

They have restricted powers, determined by their level of intelligence. Bad guys, no matter how terrifying, are ultimately undone by their own evil nature. When you see these basics, and the techniques of plot construction, you only need Leonard's wit, his eye for places and people, his ear for dialogue, and his vision, or the mysterious ability to control the development of a story. After you get that, just write his kind of sentences, which are the essence and life of his pages. For example, *Riding the Rap* begins this way:

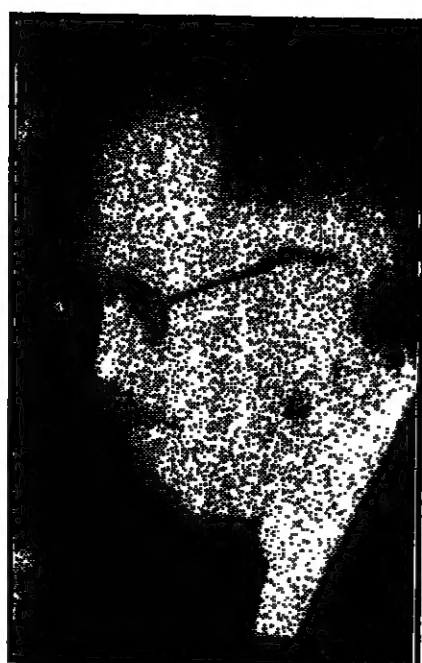
"Ocala Police picked up Dale Crowe Junior for weaving, two o'clock in the morning, crossing the center line and having a busted tail light. Then while Dale was blowing a point-one-nine they put his name and date of birth into the national crime

computer and learned he was a fugitive felon, wanted on a three-year-old charge of Unlawful Flight to Avoid Incarceration. A few days later Raylan Givens, with the Marshals Service, came up from Palm Beach County to take Dale back and the Ocala Police wondered about Raylan."

The sentences mix bureaucratic talk with what feels like street lingo, as in "having a busted tail light." The construction doesn't sound grammatically kosher to me, but it's good writing. It plays on the previous verbal forms, "weaving" and "crossing," and it tells you that the driver of the car, Dale Crowe Jr., is a moral slob. It also tells you what it feels like to be Dale, drunk and driving. This is a lot of information to stick into "having a busted tail light," but Leonard isn't famous for playing the piano. There is more to notice.

Dale is "blowing a point-one-nine," which refers to his breath test. Then the police find out he is a felon wanted for "Unlawful Flight to Avoid Incarceration." The legal lingo is impersonal and funny, juxtaposed with "blowing a point-one-nine," but it's the voice of Dale's fate and the controlling vision of the novel. The paragraph ends: "the Ocala Police wondered about Raylan." The rest of the chapter tells you why.

Raylan is merely indifferent to the extreme danger of bad guys like Dale, because he understands, as a more liberal-minded person never could, that bad guys are truly bad. He is undecieved by their pretensions to decency, and their exceptional ability to be charming. He knows bad guys do bad, and he gives them a chance to be what they are. We learn that Raylan once sat face to face with a Mafia type, waiting for him to go for his gun. Raylan then shot him dead. To the police this is awesome proof of guts and competence.



To Raylan's girlfriend, it is reprehensible. The opposition of these views haunts Raylan. He can't explain it to his girlfriend, but he knows he did right, or did good.

He once killed, but Raylan won't enter a man's house uninvited or without a legal warrant, even if a life is at stake and bad guys are hiding in the house. Raylan's commitment to this principle comes from his personal experience. He remembers how, when he was a kid, the sanctity of his home was violated by thugs. Raylan isn't an intellectual. His ideas come from experience, but they are like what you find in St. Augustine, Hobbes and Pascal. In brief, we are born conceited, we haven't advanced much beyond the jungle, and bad guys have no principles at all.

Raylan isn't free of conceit, but he doesn't succumb to the allure of the half-bad woman at the center of *Riding the Rap*. She is a mind reader and all-purpose psychic called Reverend Dawn, and really seems to have a mystical gift. For exam-

ple, while talking on the telephone to one of the bad guys, she says: "Turn on a light so I can see you." He is startled and jumps.

Reverend Dawn is wonderful because she figures in a severely rational and empirical novel. Maybe this says something about Leonard's view of women. His heroes adore them. At the same time, women drive men nuts because, aside from intelligence, they have things such as breasts. A bad guy will forget his practical, life-and-death interests if a woman like Reverend Dawn offers to get undressed. Not Raylan. But he is attracted to Reverend Dawn, and his girlfriend, a former stripper, can see this. When he talks about Reverend Dawn to his girlfriend, she says: "What does she look like?"

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"She's young."
"Nice-looking, but bites her fingernails."

The stuff about the fingernails is supposed to throw his girlfriend off the trail. Exactly for that reason, she takes it to mean Raylan is emotionally involved. An idea of gender relations in which women are lative, seductive and mystical has been promulgated from the Bible to Saul Bellow, but Reverend Dawn is unique. She is absurd, convincing, good, bad, weak, effective, frightened, daring, and the whole plot turns on her actions.

In the end Reverend Dawn gets away, though she set up a kidnapping, but it feels right that Leonard wouldn't put her in jail. He likes her too much. Besides, it's his novel, so he can do what he wants, and nothing is more clear than his superb control. Sure, there are surprises, unpredictable violence, and characters have consistent points of view, which is to say minds of their own, but you know every minute who is boss of this crime novel and why it has been said he is the best.

(Los Angeles Times)

Romance and Reality



Cordoba street signs.

THE JEWS OF SPAIN: A History of the Sephardic Experience by Jane S. Gerber. New York, The Free Press. 333+XXV pp. \$14.95.

By Gabriel Sivan

What makes this paperback different from all those weightier accounts of Spanish and Portuguese Jewry?

For one thing, to quote Prof. Yosef Hayim Yerushalmi's appraisal, it is "a work of serious popularization that... compresses a wealth of information into one volume with authority, intelligence, and lucidity." For another, it is (as the subtitle indicates) no mere rehash of the familiar personalities and events, but a lively and objective description of the Sephardic experience from Roman times down to the 1990s.

Nowadays, of course, the term "Sephardi"

is often loosely applied to all non-Ashkenazi Jews and communities, including those of the original Maghreb, Italy, Greece and Turkey, Egypt, Iran and Yemen. Gerber's book is concerned with the true "Sephardi" or Iberian Jewry, which took on distinctive characteristics in medieval Spain and Portugal (the Moslem caliphate's al-Andalus) during the 11th-15th century Christian Reconquista, and after the traumas and forced conversions of 1492-8.

Prior to those disasters there had been a golden age of Jewish poetry, philosophy, and rabbinic scholarship, an era of Sephardi cultural mediators, grandees and statesmen. Spanish and Portuguese exiles, in Italy, the Netherlands, England, the Ottoman Empire and the New World managed to revive their culture, lifestyle and fortunes while kinsmen of theirs were preserving an underground Jewish existence as Marranos or denying their converso ancestry (and even outdoing Old Christian persecutors) throughout the 16th-18th centuries.

So much for the well-known romance of Sephardi aristocrats, merchant princes and architects of Jewish emancipation in the Protestant West. Thanks to her knowledge of the latest sociological and other research, Gerber is able to broaden and update the story, which becomes far less romantic as the Ottoman Empire sinks into decline, Sephardi communities lose their former wealth and influence, anti-Jewish fanaticism becomes prevalent in Moslem lands, and the once-despised Ashkenazim attain numerical and economic superiority from northern Europe to the United States.

AN ADMIRABLE feature of this book is the author's readiness to quote "unpalatable" facts, make unflattering comparisons, and explode familiar legends. The mystery of New Christian involvement in Columbus's voyage of discovery - which happened to coincide with the 1492 Expulsion - is left unsolved in her rather tantalizing introduction.

Nor does Gerber attempt to explain away the unprecedented mass conversion of 100,000 Sephardi Jews during the pogroms of 1391, in striking contrast to the behavior of Rhineland Ashkenazim who preferred martyrdom during the early Crusades (1096-1147).

Most of the conversos did not belong to the wealthy and privileged Sephardi elite. They were not "assimilationists" and may well have intended reverting to Judaism once the storm blew over; yet the fact is that they (and others who followed their example over the next 100 years) took the line of least resistance.

Had the Inquisition left them alone, the conversos would almost certainly have merged with the Old Christian population. After all, some former Jews (including the former rabbi of Burgos) rose to high positions in the Church: Hernando de Talavera was not the only sincere converso who became an archbishop; Diego Laines was Loyola's successor as head of the Jesuit order; and even Santa Teresa d'Avila had New Christian parents. However, the Inquisition and the racist doctrine of *limpieza de sangre* brought imaginary as well as real judgments to light, swelling the number of Marrano martyrs and refugees.

There are some historical ironies. The Jewish "holy men" of North Africa (especially Morocco) could only have emerged from an Islamic society. Dona Gracia Mendes, Europe's first great businesswoman, pioneered the organized attempt to boycott an antisemitic regime (though with limited success). And Armenian Christians, whose fate under the Turks is so often compared to that of Jews under the Nazis, fomented blood-libel campaigns

up to the 19th century.

AS A RESULT of the Damascus Affair (1840), Western Sephardim and Ashkenazim closed ranks in defense of their persecuted brethren, and organizations such as the Alliance Israélite Universelle came into being. Sir Moses Montefiore, English Jewry's tireless *shadchan* or lobbyist, created a role model for leaders of the World Jewish Congress.

But what influence did their rescue efforts have on Arab rulers and Franco's Spain? Gerber sees little to justify the claims that Morocco and Tunisia protected Jews or that Spanish passports enabled thousands of Balkan Sephardim to escape the Nazi death camps. "Spain's humanitarian words were never matched by deeds... Even so, the myth that Spain worked diligently to rescue Jews is still alive, fueled by official circles and by the outside world's faulty memory." Her conclusions about British and French indifference toward Islamic jihad, after World War II, are no less damning.

The Jews of Spain ends on a more cheerful note, with accounts of religiously inspired Sephardi Zionism and ethnic revival in the State of Israel. If, as the author contends, Labor ideology "was at odds with some of the most treasured values of the Sephardim" and made them turn to the Likud, is it not also a fact that hard paternalism led to the emergence of Shas? These are questions that will continue to engage the social historian.

THIS REVIEWER feels obliged to add some positive criticism of Gerber's volume, which won the 1993 National Jewish Book Award for Sephardic Studies. Its text is generously annotated and there are useful maps and numerous well-chosen illustrations, as well as an excellent guide to more specialized reading. But certain mistakes should have been corrected in the new paperback edition. Names such as *Fons Vitae* (p. 76), Castro Tartas (p. 198), and Bône (p. 266) are misspelled; *La Celestina's* converso author is wrongly indexed as Agustín (instead of Fernando) de Rojas; and Luis de Carvajal, the New Christian governor of Mexico, is confused with his nephew and namesake, the celebrated Marrano martyr (p. 180).

Two very interesting points have been overlooked by the author. Firstly, the widespread use of "Ashkenazi" as a (now almost exclusively) Sephardi surname; and, secondly, as if to counterbalance this phenomenon, the perpetuation of Sephardi names (e.g., Don-Yliya and Zakuto) among Lithuanian Jews - a reminder of the extent to which our various diasporas have become interwoven.

real, popular elections. Given the developments since then, she should have been more circumspect about the absolute dominance of the "outside" PLO.

ONE MAJOR area that was neglected is the effect of Rabin's rule on our civic, cultural and judicial spheres. Not enough attention is devoted to Israel's internal polity. Even though the more visible concerns (proscription, administrative detention, the actions of the attorney-general) surfaced only after the period covered in response to the Oslo agreement, it is a pity that a social scientist was not included in the volume.

Despite the plethora of data, the slowness of publication has distorted the whole purpose of Freedman's conference: instead of current commentary, we are left with a retelling of recent history.

Also, the decision not to include any of the discussions and interchanges that presumably took place between the participants was unfortunate.

The Retell Trade

ISRAEL UNDER RABIN edited by Robert O. Freedman. Boulder, Colorado, Westview Press. 255pp. Price not stated.

By Yisrael Medad

It is more than frustrating to read a book that was published in January 1995 but contains pieces by 11 scholars representing their wisdom as of November 1993. Only two contributors made use of the publication delay and included data drawn from 1994. Surely this collection of conference papers should have had an earlier publication date that would have provided an interchange

between the ivory tower of research and the reality of the political arena.

Since 1978, the Center for the Study of Israel and the Contemporary Middle East of the Baltimore Hebrew College has sponsored eight conferences. This volume, like the seven that preceded it, presents conference papers. The subjects include Israel's foreign relations, US-Israel relations, and Israeli domestic politics.

The chapters make for interesting reading, but one can only subject the contents to a scrutiny that benefits from hindsight. For example, Ilan Peleg, a professor of government and law at Lafayette College who closely follows the Israeli scene, notes the popularity of Rabin Mijo in Tel Aviv as a result of his abstention on the Knesset vote recognizing the Oslo agreement. But

the paper, written prior to the municipal election results, lacks Peleg's reaction to the Ehud Olmert election victory in Jerusalem. At the time, Rabin elevated this contest to a matter of public confidence in his policy.

Perhaps subsequent events have caused Peleg to rethink his thesis that the Likud should move away from the ideological and adopt a moderate position, and reconsider his criticism of Benjamin Netanyahu for reacting to the Oslo agreement as he did.

Helena Cobban, of the *Christian Science Monitor* (described here as a "Washington-based consultant"), writes that the implementation of the Declaration of Principles would almost of necessity change the political constellation within the Palestinian national movement since it would involve

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YOUR WEEK JUST GOT EVEN BRIGHTER THE JERUSALEM POST

The Spices of Life



Zesty flavors make their debut on the local spice market.

By Daniel Rogov

Spices have played such an important role in world history that the Pharaohs declared them to be sacred; several Roman emperors ordered specially designed ships to be built to sail to Asia and eastern Africa to attain them; and Spanish armadas conquered more than half of the New World and most of Asia in order to guarantee their kings and queens as large a stockpile of spices as they wanted.

The Pharaohs valued spices mostly for their use in making the incense known as *kyfi* - literally "holy smoke" - with which they worshiped their gods; the Romans used the spices primarily to hide the flavor and smell of rancid meat and spoiled fish; and the Spanish, who considered them more valuable than gold, hid supplies away in royal warehouses, well guarded from the common people who might want to do something foolish like cook with them.

The local market has recently seen the introduction of more than 100 spices and spice mixtures from two of the world's best producers, McCormick and Paul Prudhomme. We can now buy composite spices for specific preparations such as apple pies, curries, chili con carne and pizza.

Cooking with spices is not difficult as long as one keeps to three basic guidelines.

First, unlike herbs - which come mostly from the leaves and stems of soft-stemmed aromatic plants and are almost always best when used fresh - spices may come from the roots, bark, flower buds, fruits or seeds of aromatic plants and are invariably best when dried.

Second, spices should be used in quantities just enough to enhance the subtlety of a dish and not drown the inherent flavors.

Finally, when preparing long cooking dishes such as stews and soups, remember that because ground spices give out their flavor quickly, they should be added only 20-30 minutes before the end of cooking.

FOLLOWING IS a guide to the most frequently used spices:

Allspice, also called Jamaica pimento and English pepper, is the fruit of a tree that, although it will grow anywhere in the world, yields fruit only in the Caribbean and Central America. The name comes from the flavor and aroma of the fruits which resemble a combination of cinnamon, cloves and nutmeg.

Whole allspice berries should be used for boiling fish, in stews, meat marinades, spiced fruits, chutneys and pickles. Ground allspice is ideal for soups, vegetable dishes, in fruit cakes, relishes, chut-

neys and in baked fruits such as bananas, figs and pineapple.

Anise comes from the seeds of an annual plant native to the Mediterranean basin. Aniseed, which is the fruit of the same plant, is tiny, brown and oval. Whole anise seeds should be used in fish chowders, meat stews, with vegetables (red and green cabbage, carrots, turnips, beet, cauliflower) and can be scattered over rolls and bread.

Ground anise is excellent in soups, fish dishes, marinades and cakes. Aniseed, which gives the flavor to ouzo, arak and Pernod, is useful in any dish in which the distinct flavor of licorice is wanted.

Capicum is the Latin word for pepper and includes all peppers from the mildest to the hottest, from bright red to deep green.

The hottest hot peppers are not, as most people think, chilis, but cayenne paprika, which is in the same family. Each of these is described separately below.

Caraway seeds, which have a licorice flavor, come from plants that grow in Holland, Germany and other parts of Northern Europe.

The German name for caraway is *kumel* and it is from these seeds that the liquor of that name is made. Use whole seeds in dumplings for soups and stews, in meat stews, with liver, for goulash and

with vegetables (cabbage, cauliflower, turnips, potatoes), in rye and other breads, biscuits and cookies, cheese, pickles. Use ground in stews, with vegetables (squash, beans, tomatoes, potato salad and chutney).

Cardamom (sometimes spelled cardamon) is native to India but is now grown as well in Sri Lanka and Guatemala. This is an expensive spice because each seed pod must be snipped off the plant by hand.

The pods are then dried and bleached until they are buff-colored. Inside the pods are small black seeds which have a warm, slightly pungent and highly aromatic flavor and taste.

It is a favorite in Middle Eastern cookery (in Arabic and in everyday modern Hebrew the spice is known as *heh*). Use whole seed pods in rice dishes, pickles, spiced wine, punches and coffee. Use ground in curries, meat loaf, kebab, hamburger, baked apple, apple pie, pumpkin pie, sprinkled over melon, in spiced fruit salads and in Danish pastries.

CAYENNE IS the hottest member of the pepper family. Use in curries, shellfish and fish dishes, egg dishes, deviled meat (especially chicken, turkey, kidneys, sausages), in hot sauces and in cheese dishes.

Chili is of special use in Mexican dishes, cocktail sauces and minced meat dishes. Depending on which brand you buy and how much you use in your cooking, chili is for all practical purposes exchangeable with cayenne.

Cinnamon comes from the bark of an evergreen tree that is a member of the laurel family and native of the Far East. The bark is peeled, dried and curled into sticks (sometimes known as quills or pipes), and is also sold in powdered form.

Use cinnamon sticks for cooking apples, prunes, oranges; spiced fruits to be served with poultry and meat; rice dishes, pickling vinegars, and to make hot wine punches. Use ground in spiced hot grapefruit, meat dishes, vegetable dishes, stewed fruits (apples, bananas, oranges, prunes), fruit pies, pumpkin pie and for sprinkling over milk and custard puddings; and for cinnamon toast.

Cloves are the dried, unopened flower buds of an evergreen tree that originally grew on the Moluccas or Spice Islands but are now also found in Indonesia and the West Indian Islands. Whole cloves are used into an onion for making soups and sauces, in boiling beef, for baked ham, spiced tongue, beet salad, pickled vegetables, baked and stewed fruits and apple sauce.

Ground cloves are ideal for meat stews, curries, vegetables (beets, sweet potatoes, chutney), in fruit pies and pumpkin pies, spiced fruits, cakes and cookies.

Coriander, known in Arabic and everyday Hebrew as *cushara*, is a herb but the seeds of the shrub are used as a spice. Especially popular in the cookery of the Mediterranean basin and Arabic world, whole seeds are used in pickled fish, curries and pickled vegetables. The ground seeds are used in soups, fish dishes, meat stews, curries, chicken dishes, sausage dishes, stuffings, lentil dishes, puddings and custards, cakes and Middle Eastern sweets.

Cumin comes from a small plant which, although native to the Nile Valley, is now cultivated all over the world. Cumin seeds look like anise, dill or caraway seeds and are used in curries and chili powder, meat stews, Mexican dishes and chutney.

The Dutch and Swiss use cumin seeds in cheeses, and in Alsace and Germany they are indispensable in sauerkraut dishes. Ground cumin is used in soups, fish dishes, meat loaf, curries, Mexican and Turkish dishes, stuffed vegetables (eggplant, peppers, tomatoes), dried bean dishes, and sauces.

Curry powder is a combination of spices. In India everyone varies the number and quantity of spices they used. Commercial curry powder contains 12-14 different spices and the heat of each varies from relatively mild to extremely hot, according to the amount of ground chilis used.

Fenugreek is a little known spice but is indispensable in Indian, Egyptian, Moroccan and Lebanese cuisine. The ground seeds are used in vegetable and bean soups, curries, meat stews, pickles and chutneys.

Garam masala is an Indian mixture of ground spices similar to but with less heat than most curry powders.

Ginger was probably the first oriental spice to make its way westward. The underground stem or rhizome of a plant native to India and China, but now grown in many places, this is the single most important form of flavoring in Chinese cuisine and is sold fresh, preserved, pickled, sugared, dried, grated, shaved and ground.

Use fresh in Chinese fish and meat dishes, vegetables (onions and artichokes), dried beans, in curries and stews. Use ground over melon and grapefruit, in soups, fish dishes, chicken dishes, meat stews, sweet sauces, fruit pies, pumpkin pie, stewed fruits, gingerbread cakes, cookies and chutneys.

JUNIPER BERRIES come from a small evergreen tree native to Europe, the Arctic and North Africa. The berries are picked and dried and should be crushed with the back of a spoon and used with care because they have such a strong flavor. In addition to providing the flavor of gin, the whole berries are good with strong, rich foods such as game and in sauerkraut-based dishes. Crushed, use it in pates, with game birds, and in stuffings for poultry.

Mustard seeds can be either black or brown, white or yellow; neither the seeds nor their crushed powder have any scent until liquid is added. Crushed mustard can be mixed into a paste with water, white wine or vinegar. Whole seeds are used in boiled beets, cabbage, sauerkraut, pickling, chutneys. Powder is used in fish dishes, poultry dishes, meat dishes, deviled dishes, sauces, egg dishes, cheese dishes, mayonnaise, and salad sauces.

Nutmeg and mace both come from the fruit of the nutmeg tree. Mace comes from the outer husk of the fruit which is peeled and left in blades, preserved in syrup or ground, and nutmeg is the ground dried fruit itself. Mace, which is stronger than nutmeg, is used in soups, rice dishes, sauces, fish and shellfish dishes, veal stew, sauces, cakes, cookies and in making hot punches. Grated nutmeg is used in fish dishes, sauces, pickling, in hot punches, veal stew, cakes and cookies.

Paprika is a member of the capicum family and is generally fairly mild. Some paprika mixtures also contain cayenne or chili peppers which make them hotter. Indispensable in Hungarian cooking and in soups, fish dishes, veal, lamb, sausage dishes, goulash, beef dishes, Spanish dishes, with pasta in sauces, with cheese dishes and as a garnish over cheese, eggs, potatoes, cauliflower and other light-colored dishes.

Pepper grows on vines that thrive only within 10 degrees of the equator. The peppercorns grow in clusters like grapes, and as they ripen they turn from green to yellow to red. Those destined for sale as black pepper are picked when still slightly underripe and, as they dry, the outer hull turns to black. White pepper is the fully ripe berry that has been soaked after pickling to remove the outer hull, which is rubbed off. White pepper always has a milder flavor than black.

Whole peppercorns are used in marinades for fish and meat, in boiled beef, boiled mutton and in pickling. Ground pepper (pepper is always best when freshly ground) is used with all savory dishes. Use white pepper for light-colored foods to avoid unsightly dark specks.

Poppy seeds come from the opium poppy but the seeds are not narcotic because they

do not form until the plant has fully ripened and has lost its opium content. Whole seeds are scattered over bread, mixed with paste, and used with pastries and cakes. Crushed seeds are mixed with sugar and honey as a filling for cakes and pastries.

Saffron comes from the stigmas of the autumn crocus. If you have ever wondered why it's so expensive (a kilo of the finest saffron costs nearly \$6,000), it is because each crocus has only three stigmas, each of which must be picked by hand, and it takes over 500,000 stigmas to make a kilo of spice.

Fortunately, a little saffron goes a long way. Saffron strands are used in making bouillabaisse and other fish soups, paella and other Spanish dishes, in fish and shellfish dishes, rice dishes, chicken dishes, sauces, breads and cakes.

Sesame comes in large pods that contain tiny white seeds which are valued not only as a spice but for their high protein and oil content. Without sesame, tahina, humous and many other Middle Eastern dishes simply could not exist. Use the seeds untoasted over breads, rolls, cookies and biscuits. Use toasted (simply place in a medium oven until pale brown) on vegetable dishes, over salads, with cream cheese, tahina, humous and in pastries.

Turmeric is a rhizome member of the ginger family. Dried and ground, the spice is bright orange and can be used instead of saffron. Essential to curry powder, ground turmeric is also used in fish and shellfish dishes, curries, stews, rice dishes, vegetable dishes, sauces, pickles and chutneys.

Vanilla comes from pale yellow orchids that grow in tropical climates. When harvested, vanilla beans are green, odorless



and flavorless. It takes six months of curing, fermenting and drying to produce the dark brown, nearly black color and characteristic fragrance. The distilled oil of the bean is known either as vanilla or vanilla extract. (Be sure when buying extract not to buy a synthetic product.)

Whole beans, which are used to infuse flavor into many dishes, can be rinsed, dried and used many times before their flavor recedes. To make vanilla sugar, fill a small jar with sugar and push in one or two beans. Leave the jar tightly closed for several days to infuse the sugar with the vanilla flavor. Vanilla extract is used in chocolate and coffee sweets, puddings, cakes, biscuits and cookies, with fruits, in ice cream, custards and puddings, sweet sauces, hot chocolate drinks and candies.

CEYLON BEEF CURRY

675 gr. stewing beef, with all gristle removed
150 gr. desiccated coconut (tinned)
3 Tbsp. vegetable oil
2 1/2 cups finely chopped onions
225 gr. tomatoes, peeled and chopped
3-4 cloves garlic, chopped finely
1 1/2 tsp. ground coriander
1 1/2 tsp. ground cumin
1 tsp. ground cardamom
1 tsp. ground turmeric
1/2 tsp. chili powder (or more to taste)
1 1/2 tsp. salt
juice of 1/2 small lemon

Place the coconut in a bowl and pour over 2/3 cup of boiling water. Let cool and then squeeze out as much of the liquid as possible. Discard the coconut and save only the liquids (known as coconut milk).

In a flameproof casserole, heat the vegetable oil and in this saute the onions until golden brown. Stir in the tomatoes, garlic and spices and fry for 4-5 minutes. Add the meat and continue to fry, turning regularly, until the meat has lightly browned on all sides. Stir in the coconut milk and salt, cover and simmer very gently until the meat is tender (1-1 1/2 hours), adding a little water if the liquid evaporates before the meat is done.

A few minutes before the end of cooking, stir in the lemon juice. Serve hot with boiled rice and chutney. (Serves 4).

CUMBERLAND SAUSAGE STEW WITH SPICED ORANGES

A traditional recipe from Virginia

For the stew:
1/2 kilo red cabbage
450 gr. Cumberland sausages or knockwurst
2 medium onions, chopped coarsely
2 tsp. juniper berries
1 tsp. salt
freshly ground black pepper
300 ml. apple cider (or Calvados)
1 Tbsp. wine vinegar
3 Tbsp. red currant jelly
2 sweet apples, cored and cut in thick slices

For the spiced oranges:
2 oranges
1/4 cup sugar
8 whole cloves
1/8 tsp. ground cinnamon

Cut the hard center core from the cabbage and shred the rest coarsely. Transfer the shredded cabbage to a flameproof casserole or sautepan together with the sausages, onion, juniper berries, salt and pepper.

In a jar or bowl mix together the cider, vinegar and red currant jelly and pour into the casserole. Bring just to simmering and then simmer gently, covered, for 1 hour. Add the apples and continue simmering for 1 hour longer.

To prepare the spiced oranges: While the stew is cooking remove the peel and pith from the oranges and slice the flesh crosswise.

In a sautepan combine 6 Tbsp. of water, the sugar and spices and boil for 3 minutes. Add the oranges and simmer for 3-4 minutes longer.

To serve, distribute the stew on 4 plates and on each portion distribute the orange slices. (Serves 4).

BANANA BREAD

2 1/2 cups flour
1 Tbsp. baking powder
1/2 tsp. baking soda
1/4 tsp. salt
1/4 tsp. ground cardamom
1/4 tsp. ground mace
1/2 cup butter
3/4 cup sugar
2 eggs
1/4 tsp. vanilla extract
1 cup mashed banana
3/4 cup chopped walnuts

Sift together the flour, baking powder, bicarbonate of soda, salt and spices.

Cream the butter and sugar until light and then gradually beat in the eggs and vanilla extract. Stir in the flour and mashed banana alternatively and finally, mix in the nuts.

Transfer the mixture to an oiled loaf tin, level the top and bake in an oven that has been preheated to 180°C for 55-60 minutes. Leave in the tin to cool before turning out. Serve cut into slices and with plenty of butter so that people can butter their own slices. Serve warm or at room temperature.

MATTERS OF TASTE

HAIM SHAPIRO
Twelve Tribes, Tel Aviv Sheraton Hotel, 115 Rehov Hayarkon, Tel Aviv. Tel. 03-521-1111. Open Sunday through Thursday, 7:30 p.m. to 10:45 p.m. (Kosher)

Safe. That's what people usually think about hotel restaurants, and the hotel chefs have the double challenge of breaking out of this stereotype, while at the same time accommodating hotel guests who want a good meal, rather than a culinary adventure.

It was perhaps with just such a challenge in mind that the chef served up an *amuse gueule*, a little complementary tidbit before the meal of a mushroom stuffed with smoked meat.

On the other hand, one could hardly describe my first course - a ragout of sweetbreads in a mustard-seed sauce - as safe. I am particularly partial to sweetbreads, which local butcher shops apparently save for luxury restaurants. The ragout arrived in a cocotte, with a pastry lid. Although such pastry seals are often not to be eaten, I did try this and found it quite tasty.

My companion's smoked salmon with a tartare of salmon did seem to be a compromise between safety and adventure. The smoked salmon was admirable, as one might expect it to be, but the tartare, a light mixture of chopped and barely cooked fresh salmon, was far more interesting and far better suited to the soy and horseradish sauce which accompanied the dish.

With our meal we had a safe wine, a Camille Chardonnay, not the heavy, oak-aged Chardonnay that the Golan Winery makes under its Yarden label, but a white wine with just enough character to go with the meat dishes we ordered for our main course.

Although the Cajun style rib eye steak which I ordered for my main course might be considered

adventurous, especially when served with a "spicy tomato sauce," in reality it was pretty safe. Though lightly charred, it was hardly blackened, and the "spicy" sauce was tame enough for me to feel a need to add pepper. The steak itself, I might add, was delicious and perfectly cooked.

My companion's rack of lamb was safe, but magnificent. In a country where lamb as often as not means a fatty bit of meat with plenty of gristle, this was a delicious eye of the rib, lean and perfectly cooked with a tarragon sauce of the kind that compels the diner to sop up every last delicious bit. I could well excuse the fact that the hazelnut almond crust proved to be a little rissole, served on the side.

For dessert, I decided on pure adventure. Following the waiter's recommendation, I ordered zabaglione with strawberry sauce, the special of the day. It was only after the dish arrived that I remembered that I never like warm desserts. Not only was the zabaglione, a preparation of egg yolks and sweet wine, warm, but the strawberry sauce was quite hot. From now on I'll stick to zabaglione ice cream.

My companion had the nut cake from the trolley, a nice, safe and delicious choice.

Although we were guests of the restaurant and did not receive a bill, I calculated that our meal for two, including the wine, would have cost NIS 333. You do have to pay for safety.

TASTER'S CHOICE

The Hand of the Curator

By Angela Levine

Jochen Gerz (b. Berlin, 1940) is one of the most unusual and influential artists working in Western Europe today. Since '68, when he participated in the student rebellions in Paris (where he has lived since 1966), the street has been the natural setting for his art, which focuses on "being" and "doing" rather than creating. Nevertheless, Gerz has exhibited at major museums and galleries throughout Europe; in almost all instances, without the presence of the curator being felt.

The uniqueness of Gerz's current exhibition lies in the fact that Tel Aviv University curator, Mordechai Omer, has hoisted in on Gerz's work from a completely new angle, putting the emphasis on works which illuminate Gerz's career as an ongoing search to define a self-portrait, both of himself and of the society in which he lives.

Bitter personal experiences lie at the root of Gerz's personal credo. A child in wartime Berlin, it was only later that he came to understand the terrible realities of those times. With this knowledge came a life-long distrust of taking things at face value; and of any social order which imposes rules upon society and segregates people and things.

As the contents of this exhibition demonstrate, Gerz shuns the conventional tools of his profession (painting, sculpture, etc.). He puts across his message by performance and body art, philosophical writings (for catalogs and books) and text/photo installations. His photographs are of transient elements in nature (a floating feather, running water) take the form of self-portraits, half-hidden faces or heads arranged in a grid format.

The exhibition is divided into three parts. On the lower floor are several large works from the '80s, among them "In the Art Nite," in which a list of 20th-century buzzwords are fragmented into a meaningless decorative pattern, an ironic comment on the late '80s hysteria for appropriating past styles and traditions.

On the upper floor, one gallery is devoted to a chronological display of Gerz's works on paper, dating from 1968 to the present; another contains photographic documentation of past performances, as well as details of two monuments Gerz has designed for public squares in Germany.

These monuments—like the well-publicized journey Gerz took as his contribution to the 1977 Documenta 6 exhibition in Kassel, traveling for 16 days on the Trans-Siberian express with the windows sealed up—relate to the concept of absence which is central to Gerz's work. Both "2146 Stones, a Monument against Racism" (1990) at Saarbrücken, and "Protest against Fascism" in Hamburg, an industrial suburb of Hamburg, are constructions which are concealed from view. Only a street sign indicates their presence.

For the Saarbrücken monument, Gerz uprooted the paving stones of the city's plaza (from which a path leads to a castle which, in the era of the Third Reich,



Gideon Ofat: curatorial readymade, Israeli Pavilion, Venice Biennale

housed the Gestapo), and inscribed their undersurfaces with the names of scores of German-Jewish cemeteries destroyed by the Nazis, before replacing them as they were before.

The Harburg memorial (produced in collaboration with Gerz's wife, Israeli artist Esther Shalev) consisted originally of an above-ground, 12-meter-high, lead-coated column on which the public were invited to sign their names. As a result, a "portrait" of the people of Harburg emerged which was not wholly favorable, since swastikas and aggressive comments appeared among the signatures. As the column became covered with writing, it



Jochen Gerz: Target Piece, photograph (Art Gallery, Tel Aviv University)

was gradually lowered into the earth and is now only partially visible through a subterranean glass window.

Unlike his countryman, the late Joseph Beuys, who saw his role as that of a shaman-leader, Gerz is self-effacing to the point of being actively intent in erasing his own image. For example, Gerz signs his name and then scores it through repeatedly; or shows a series of photographs of his face which have been scribbled on, or defaced in other ways. Elsewhere, Gerz offers his body as a human target; or, standing behind a wall of glass, gradually covers his figure from sight with screeds of handwriting.

Emerging from this presentation is the portrait of a man and artist full of doubts and questions, who sees his role merely as an unseen catalyst jolting people into thinking more seriously about the consequences of their actions. This conclusion is supported, for example, by "Purple Cross for Absent Now" (a 1979 video performance which took place originally in Geneva) which depicts a man sitting on a chair, with a black rubber cord encircling his neck. When one of the audience touches this cord, either deliberately, or thoughtlessly, the noise around his neck perceptibly tightens. (Gena Schreiber Art Gallery, Tel Aviv University.) Till June 27.

JUNE 11 marks the official opening in Venice of the International Art Biennale. Israel's curator/commissioner for the second time in succession is Dr. Gideon Ofat, whose decision some months ago to (once again) make a curatorial idea the central feature of the Israeli pavilion was greeted by a barrage of criticism. In the storm, many people haven't figured out exactly what Ofat's project is all about and are not ready to consider the possibility that Ofat, a scholar of some distinction, might indeed have something original and worthwhile to say.

Starting from the premise that the archival documents stored away in the bowels of the National Library in Jerusalem constitute the central powerhouse of centuries of Jewish history and learning, Ofat has come up with the idea of "activating" this material. His purpose is to stimulate discussion, not only on the literature and history of the People of the Book, but also on the role of any national library as preserver and source of a country's spiritual and intellectual heritage.

To this end, Ofat has shipped to Venice a representative (but as non-selective as possible) portion of the National Library archives: files, manuscripts, catalogs and even bookshelves, as well as microfiche machines and computers. With a duty librarian in attendance, live cybernetic contact with the "power base" in Jerusalem will enable visitors to the Israeli pavilion to order up documents of their choice. Alongside this "curatorial ready-made," two artists of Ofat's choice, Joshua Neustein and Uri Tsagig, were given complete freedom to respond to the National Library project in any manner they thought fit.

Neustein, a noted Israeli conceptualist of the 1970s now resident in New York, chose to question the "power" of a library: to show that it is not the exclusive domain of positive ideas and "good" material. Breaching scaffolding and glass walls around the Israeli pavilion, he has created a "rogue's library," filling it with examples of "evil" material, from the writings of the Marquis de Sade to the score of the opera *Tosca* where (Neustein points out in the catalog) Baron Scarpia's library is really a front for a torture chamber.

Tsagig, a young and comparatively unknown artist, has erected a second glass-walled area adjacent to the pavilion. He displays here a selection of printed material (faxed photographs, picture postcards, a story written in eight languages, a ball made from the compressed pages of a book) which are intended to express his personal view of a library as a continuous voyage between ideas and objects, with everything in a state of flux.

The third invitee is writer David Grossman whose novel *See Under: Love* was characterized by its archival character (a special catalog technique is employed at the end of the book). Grossman has opted to correspond with the Venice archive base by sending live short stories at regular intervals from Jerusalem.

This hothouse of texts illuminating Jewish traditions of spirituality, wisdom and learning is viewed by Ofat as closing a circle he opened two years ago when he brought a real hothouse to Venice, a utopian venture intended to represent the skills and idealism of the new Jew whose roots are in the land.

The Venice Biennale is currently open, until October 15.

Forgotten Moments in Jewish History

Do you know what tragedy befell the first Jewish comedian, why the greatest Jewish chef suddenly flopped, or what genius designed the streimel?

By Sam Orbaum

September 13, 1607/15392 BCE: Feivel Ben-Flintstone is the first Jew to see a dinosaur. He runs to tell Rabbi Og. Rabbi Og tells him there is no such thing as a dinosaur, it must have been somebody in a Purim costume.

August 24, 1268/20492 BCE: Carbonated dating pinpoints the creation of the first No. 2 chicken.

June 30, 3988 BCE: The Paleolithic period ends. The Jews are blamed.

April 11, 3856 BCE: Oy of Ur develops the prototype for guilt.

November 16, 3760 BCE: According to biblical literature, marriage is invented by gagging out a rib from some poor fellow to create the archetype of a Jewish wife.

March 31, 3733 BCE: God asks Cain where his brother Abel is. Cain responds: "Am I my brother's keeper?" It is the first time in recorded history that a question is answered with a question.

September 28, 3661 BCE: Gary the Snot-Nose, the world's first antisemite, calls God a "Jew-lover" and is instantly struck by lightning.

May 4, 3313 BCE: Boimel, a Sumerian junk dealer, travels to Bohemia to attend the opening of the Bronze Age. He is buying bric-a-brac when the merchant asks where he's from; turns out the merchant has a cousin in Accad who goes to the same barber as Boimel's brother. They both agree it's a small world, and Jewish geography is born.

November 27, 2440 BCE: A fisherman twirling in the South Gellite Sea pulls out a strange boneless fish with a carrot slice on its head. (This event is further noteworthy because it occurred on the ninth day of Av, the only time in history that a good thing happened to the Jews on this date.)

October 10, 2109 BCE: Yidi the Adlehead, little-known Mesopotamian astronomer, discovers the moon.

January 20, 2093 BCE: Abraham's wife Sarah demands that Hagar and her son Ishmael be banished; Abraham's diplomatic efforts to reconcile the two begins the Middle East peace process.

July 8, 1633 BCE: First recorded use of the word "nut" in poetry.

February 7, 694 BCE: The world's first synagogue opens, in Wurzburg. On the first Shabbat, Yankel the Yekke gets to read mazlil, which infuriates Avrumel the Visigoth.

February 14, 694 BCE: The Visigoth Shlissel, the world's second synagogue, opens in Wurzburg.

August 8, 92 BCE: The first paved road opens in the Holy Land. The next day it is ripped up by a crew installing new sewage pipes.

January 1, 0001: Yoshke the Elder inadvertently sparks a philosophical crisis when he asks a Roman tax official: "What was yesterday's date?"

April 16, 31: The foreign minister of Judea, in Rome for consultations, ridicules the notion that Jews are plotting to overthrow the emperor and rule the world. "Yeah, right," the minister responds sarcastically. "And the Jews killed Jesus." He is widely quoted out of context.

December 10, 239: Gala opening of the



first kosher Chinese restaurant, in the Galilee village of Peki'in. It is to become famous for its specialty, Peki'in Duck.

July 1, 851: Ya'acov "Yuk-Yuk" bar Mordecai, the first Jewish comedian, flees Swabia after staging a skit on the woes of King Charles the Bald, ending up in England. In London he raises eyebrows with his depiction of Ethelwulf as a lisper.

He is deported to Algeiras, where he develops a following for his campy anti-Viking knock-knock jokes, which prompts the Vikings to invade. He winds up in Germany where Yiddish has just begun to evolve. He struggles for 20 years while developing the principles of stitck, and finally wins widespread fame for his persecutionist cabaret, *You Think It's Easy Being Jewish?*

December 10, 1029: Hurricane Yenil sweeps through southeast Japan. The Jews are blamed.

November 11, 1111: The principles of gematria are laid down by the great Bologna thinker, Luigi the Ify, who, by designating numerical values for Hebrew letters, proves that God existed at least as recently as the eighth century.

March 23, 1128: Shmuel "Schmalzy" Schnitzel, the greatest kosher chef of his time, is born in Frankfurt, where he

invents the frankfurter. Later he moves to Hamburg, where he invents the hamburger. At the height of his career he moves to Worms, where, inexplicably, he can't get a job.

February 17, 1200: Sydney, a Jewish aborigine living in what is today south-eastern Australia, postulates that the world is not only round but has a top side too.

October 22, 1425: Lemuel van den Boornstein of Haarlem, a famous Jewish explorer, sets sail on the Pinta Miriam to discover the New World. Braving typhus, typhoid, typhoons, tsunamis and tsuris he finally sights land. He rows ashore, plants a flag in the name of his city and is

mugged. Disgusted, he gets the hell out of there and sets out to discover the suburbs.

January 29, 1490: Yerachmiel Columbovitch of Genoa attempts to become the next famous Jewish explorer. He pleads for support from the king and queen of Spain, promising to bring back from the New World a vast fortune in smoked salmon. He is turned down.

Certain that he was refused because he is a Jew, he changes his name to Christopher Columbus, promises to bring back a vast fortune in jewels, and promptly wins royal support. (He would set sail two years later with a crew that included Luis de Torres, a Jewish interpreter, who was necessary

because Columbus did not speak any Yiddish and thus would not be able to communicate with the natives.)

JANUARY 21, 1503: Italian housewife Mona Lisa Mandelbaum is wandering through the marketplace, pondering what to cook for Shabbos. An artist named Leonardo da Vinci, who happens to be shopping for a new brush, notices her expression and lures her to his studio. His working title for the painting is "Mrs. Mandelbaum Reflecting on Cholent."

May 18, 1626: Peter Minuit buys the island of Manhattan for \$24 from Indian chiefs. The next day, Jewish chiefs inform him they could have got it for him for \$19.95.

March 23, 1680: The dodo becomes extinct. The Jews are blamed.

April 24, 1734: The first working model of a sandwich is unveiled. It consists of bacon, lettuce and tomato between two slices of matza. It is unsuccessful.

June 13, 1741: Reb Sholem "Chi-Chi" Kochleff, the first (and last) hasidic fashion designer, unveils the shtrmel in Volhynia. Later the same year, he creates a daring new style he calls Humble Chic—layered black-on-black with a matte sheen—after experimenting for a time with green pantaloons, a khaki-tartan half-zoot and floral socks, topped by a crocheted kipa.

His twin brother, hair-stylist Koko L'Effel, devotes the next dozen years to completing the hasidic look.

His proposed Litvak Afro with handlebar mustache is a flop (turns out he was 230 years ahead of his time). Also unpopular is his choirboy cut with muttonchop sideburns. Pigtales, powdered wig and a Van Dyke is rejected as too goyish. Finally, inspired by neoclassicism and specifically Hogarth's 1753 essay *The Analysis of Beauty*, L'Effel comes up with the quintessential shaven head, straggly beard and bobbing tubular sidecurls that goes on to become history's most enduring coif.

June 25, 1832: Britain occupies the Falkland Islands, planning to turn it into a Jewish homeland.

May 12, 1885: Van Gogh paints "The Potato Kugel Eaters."

December 28, 1891: An anthropologist discovers *Pithecanthropus erectus*, better known as "Java Man," but actually Boimel's brother's barber, proving that it really is a small world.

January 21, 1897: Theodor Herzl, preparing for the Zionist Congress in Basel, writes a proposal for mass aliyah based on a model of the Klondike gold rush. His housekeeper convinces him it's a terrible idea.

August 17, 1968: William Shatner, the Jewish star of *Star Trek*, is ostracized in the Jewish press for an episode in which he is depicted eating a meat meal while traveling through the Milky Way.

October 17, 1987: China's population hits the one billion mark. The Jews are blamed.

March 12, 1988: David Cohen, a Los Angeles lawyer, traces his family tree all the way back to the guy who invented the wheel, and Cohen wants royalties.